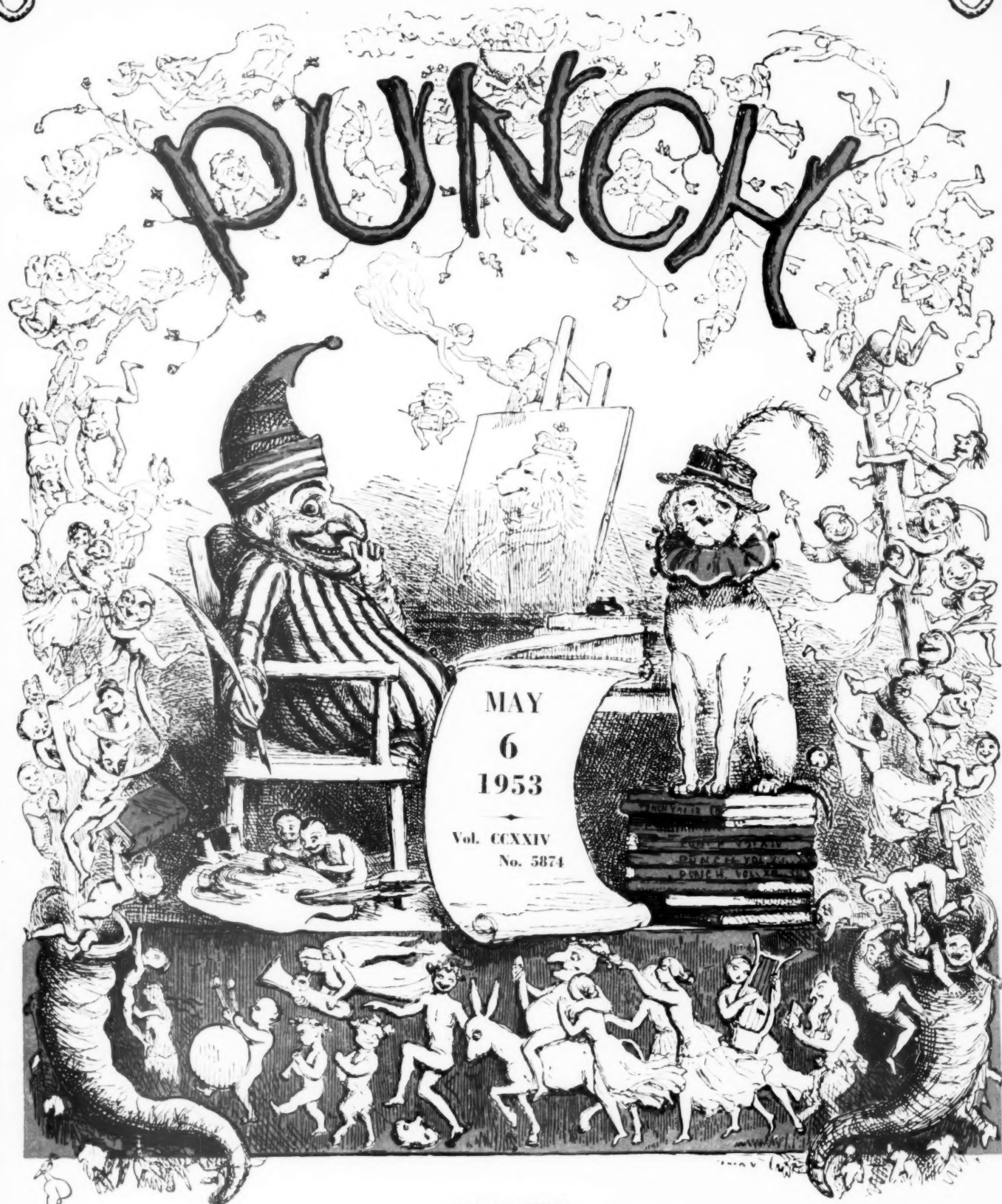


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MAY 6 1953

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that writes
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CVS-86

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SAID THE TRAINER

...CHASSIS FRAMES
SAID THE HORSE

TRAILERS...
SAID THE OWNER

...IMPLEMENTS
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AND THE TIP WAS **Sankey** OF WELLINGTON

JOSEPH SANKEY & SONS LTD., HADLEY CASTLE WORKS, WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE
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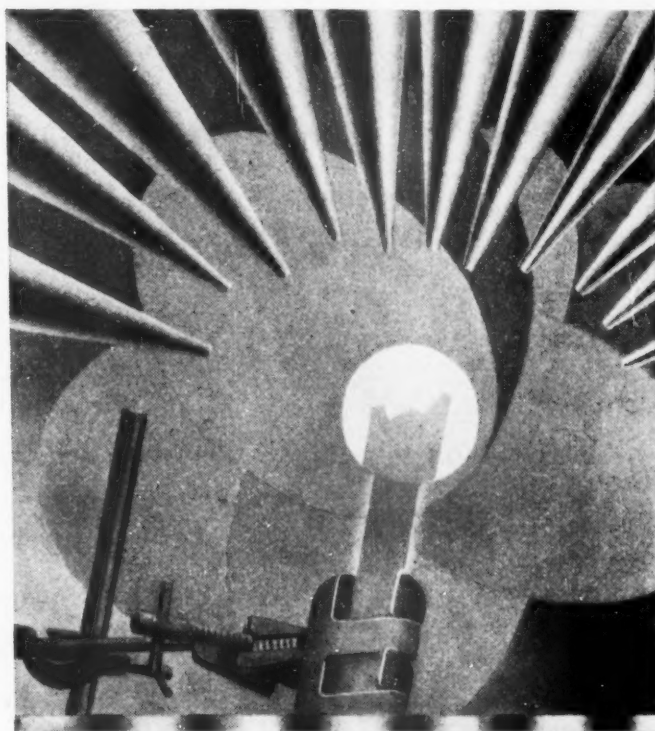
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MONK & GLASS Custard

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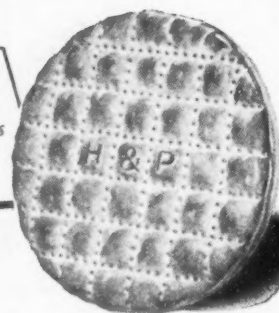
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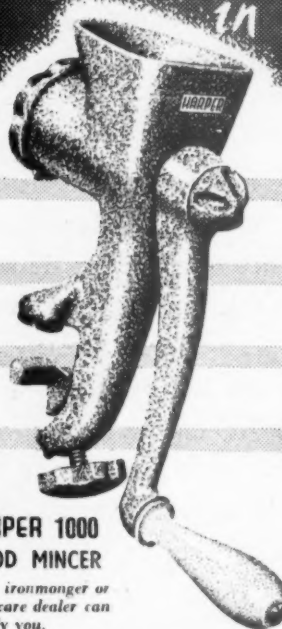
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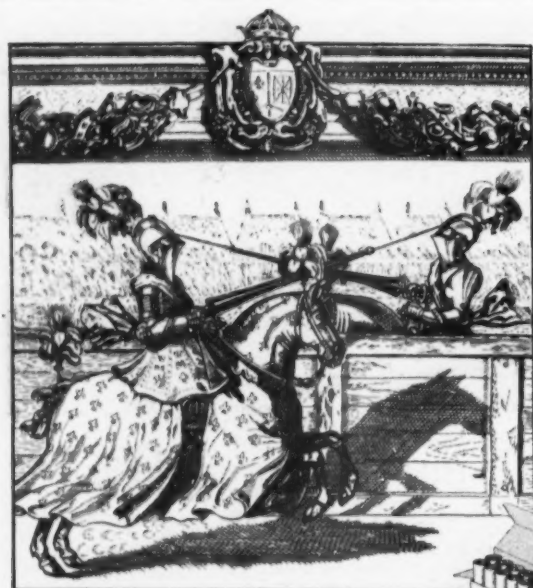
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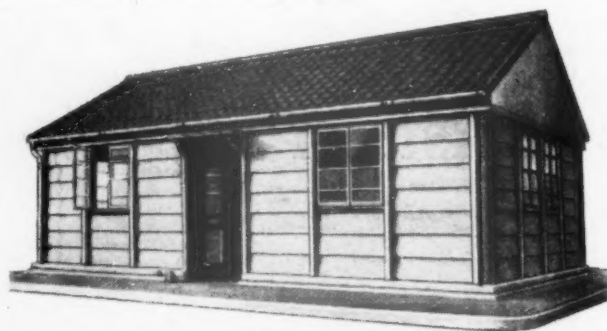
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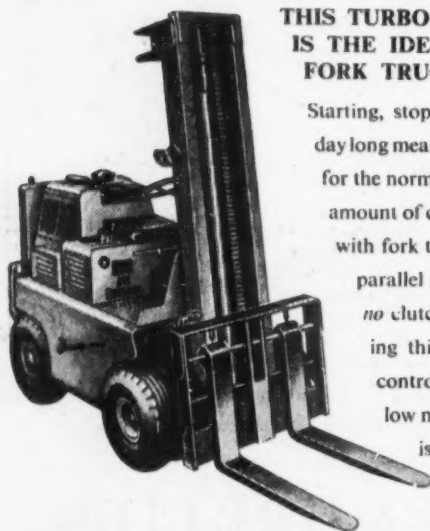
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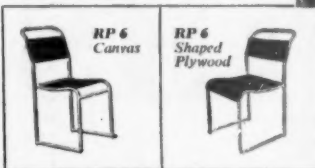
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THERE IS, as everyone knows, freedom for the Press. A newspaper may print what it likes. But to become a 'popular' paper, a newspaper must print what its readers like. This the Manchester Guardian has never deliberately done. It prefers to speak frankly.

Not deflected by dreams of winning millions of readers, the Manchester Guardian goes on its way regardless. It respects its readers—as they respect it—but it does not woo them.

Here then is a newspaper for those who do not need to be courted or kowtowed to. Here is a newspaper which puts truthfulness before popularity. Here is a newspaper with a mind of its own—for those with a mind of their own.

Your choice is simple. You may read a newspaper which is your humble servant. Or you may read one which is your intellectual equal. Which do you prefer?

*If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to:
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the only collar attached
shirt with the easy-to-fit
spare collar (pat.)



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The Rootes Group announce a special scheme to assist owners of Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot cars when touring on the continent; operated with the permission of the Bank of England.

Owners resident in the U.K. may pay in sterling in this country for emergency repairs, including labour charges, whilst on tour, up to a maximum of £50, thus saving the personal travel allowance. The scheme may be operated through any Rootes Group Distributor or Dealer in those European countries in which the travel allowance applies. Other facilities provided include recommendations on the preparation of a car for touring, suggested kits of parts to be carried and despatch of parts by air if necessary.

Full details are obtainable from any Rootes Group Distributor or Dealer in the United Kingdom.

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Whisky
at its best*

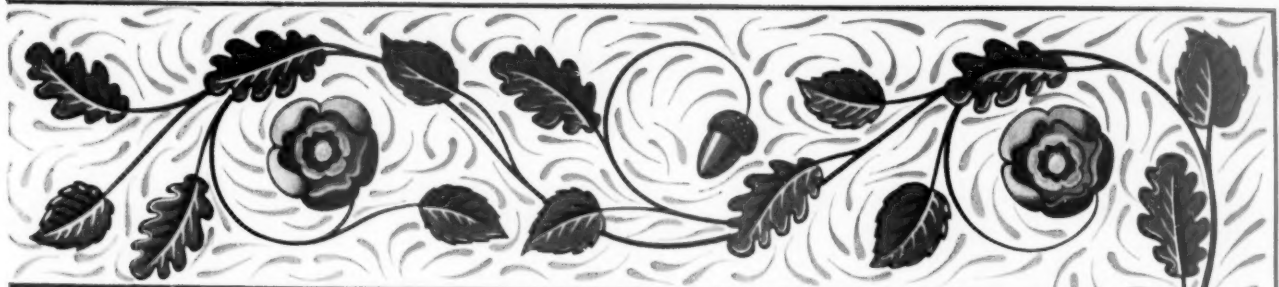


In these days of changing values it warms the heart to know that even one old friend stays the same, year in and year out. Old Angus will never grow any younger; you can rely on that.

OLD ANGUS

A Noble Scotch—Blended for Connoisseurs





EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



THE COAT-OF-ARMS illustrated here with a contemporary illuminated border is that of James Andrew Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie, Lord of Ramsay and Carrington, Lord Ramsay of Melrose and Dalhousie, Baron Dalhousie of Dalhousie Castle, later Marquess of Dalhousie.

He was the tenth Earl, belonging to a family tracing its ancestry back to the 12th century. Born in 1812, he entered Parliament in 1837 becoming President of the Board of Trade in 1845 and Governor General of India in 1847, the youngest man ever to hold the appointment. His period of office, which extended until 1856, was marked by great advances in British India. He died in 1860.

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.



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By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to
The late King George VI



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H. M.
King Frederik IX



By Appointment
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King Gustaf VI Adolf



By Appointment
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Precious moments

Through four generations CHERRY HEERING has witnessed as well as created many precious moments. Unchanged since 1818, this old Danish delight will grace your day whenever and wherever you meet with it.



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World famous liqueur since 1818

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Two-piece suit
in dark grey worsted.
Single breasted with
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Rest and Relax in SWITZERLAND

See the mighty Alps clothed in their summer glory, the meadows covered with beautiful flowers, the majestic pine forests, the deep blue lakes, the terraced vineyards, the medieval towns and villages.

The new £40 allowance enables you to make the most of a holiday in nature's wonderland, right in the heart of Europe.

Chair-lifts and mountain railways will take you to the highest peaks. Facilities for golf, tennis, walking, picnicking, sailing, fishing and mountaineering are at your command — or you may prefer just to laze in the sunshine to your heart's content.

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Way ahead on quality... miles ahead on value... that's **Esso Extra**—the great new petrol with six extras that give you *extra* swift acceleration and *extra* smooth power at the touch of your toe... *extra* anti-knock on the toughest of hills... and *extra* miles of happy motoring to every gallon. And that's not all, **Esso Extra's** *extra* easy starting and *extra* engine cleanliness help to reduce costly engine wear. Fill up today with **Esso Extra**—obtainable from **Esso Dealers** everywhere.

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THE extensive Press and radio publicity accorded Mr. Lindsay Hassett and his fellow visitors is being closely studied by cricket enthusiasts alert for the least clue to England's chances this summer. Autograph hunters, however, may have missed the significance of a five-line report that members of the team have visited New Scotland Yard and spent a suspiciously long time in the finger-print department.



Departing from a long Latin tradition in medical terminology the 1953 edition of the British Pharmacopœia lists its drugs in English. The classicists, after the first shock, will soon be won over to the terse Anglo-Saxon simplicity of Ethinylœstradiol, Cyanocobalamin and Di-iodohydroxyquinoline.

Under the heading "Be Done With Bitterness," the *Daily Express* counsels magnanimity on the Akihito question. It is pointless, it says, to dwell on the bitterness of the past; foolish to create fresh bitterness now; our people should show the young Prince that he is welcome in their land. "Let it not be said that Britain was so full of bitterness," adds this warming appeal, "that she damaged her own trading prospects."

One drawback of the new American pill designed to safeguard the taker against atomic radiation is that it has to be swallowed just before the bomb explodes. A

moment's mistiming, and the shock of the explosion could make you choke on it.

According to a Washington statement, returned American prisoners with symptoms of Communist infection will receive medical treatment in confidence, thus being spared the painful embarrassment of identification by the public. It is to be hoped that this sympathetic precaution will not be defeated by overt visits from the well-known specialists Doctors McCarthy, Cohn and Schine.

Dress Notes for Work and Play

"Salesman required, having knowledge of men's hosiery and ready to wear clothing, whole or half day."
Mitcham and Tooting Advertiser

"Advice to women getting ready for Ascot this June . . . when in doubt leave it off. You'll look smarter without."
Fashion article in the Evening Standard

Several sharp exchanges occurred at the recent Zoological Society meeting, when a debate sprang up on the rival merits, as publicity providers, of firm old favourites Cansdale and Brumas. No conclusions were reached, and the more moderate elements in the Society feel that Fellows would be better employed in finding an attraction which would combine the best features of both.





ONE of the most obvious advantages or disadvantages of our system of Private Enterprise is that most of the talent which would otherwise be at the service of the nation's propaganda machine gets side-tracked into commercial advertising. In Russia every slogan is the property of the State, and anyone bold enough to think up a new one is expected to surrender it unconditionally within twenty-four hours to the nearest branch of the Bureau of Political Vigilance.

It follows that the Russians are miles ahead of us in this business of concocting thrustful, stirring public injunctions, and one has only to run through the forty-seven nimble ukases bruited on May Day, 1953, (twelve fewer than last year) to realize how feeble our own efforts can be. Compare our "Ask Your Dad!" "Don't Fall For It!" and "Let Us Face the Future!" with such beauties as:

"Workers of the sea and river fleets! Deliver freight more rapidly for the national economy! Increase the volume of haulage, speed up the turn-round of ships! Improve the work of ports and ship-repairing yards! Struggle for an exemplary fulfilment of the navigation plan for 1953!"

"Soviet metalworkers! Improve the exploitation of metallurgical and mining enterprises, develop the mechanization and automatization of production processes! Introduce leading methods on a wider scale! Let us give the country more pig iron, steel, rolled metal and ferrous metal!"

"Workers in State establishments! Improve the work of the Soviet State apparatus, strengthen State discipline, strictly observe socialist legality and give careful

consideration to inquiries from workers!"

"Workers in literature and art! Raise the ideological and artistic standards of your output! Create works worthy of our great people!"

"Soviet youths and girls! Acquire science, technology and culture! Be steadfast and daring in the struggle for the victory of the great Lenin-Stalin cause! By your selfless toil strengthen the might of the Motherland, multiply the successes of the Soviet people in the construction of Communism!"

"Medical workers! Put into practice the achievements of medical science!" This one, in our view, is not quite up to standard. "An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctors Away!" might have proved much more effective.

It is permissible to wish that May Day in Britain could be heralded with a similar doling-out of ordinances and a similar rolling up of sleeves. But where are our slogan experts? There has been nobody since Bernard Shaw capable of rallying the ranks with a job-lot of platitudes.

The following are submitted, tentatively and deferentially, in the hope that more gifted

sloganizers may be induced to take up their pens in the public interest before May Day, 1954:

"Economists, quasi-economists and pseudo-economists of the British Isles! Persistently advocate the overriding and paramount significance of a favourable balance of trade! Actively struggle for the implementation of the policies framed by our great teacher and leader, John Maynard Keynes! Continue vehemently to oppose the apostles of fiscal incompetence!"

"Women of the United Kingdom! Consistently strive to achieve Equal Pay, increased Family Allowances and the abolition of rationing! Studiously and conscientiously avoid travel during rush-hours! Wax pulchritudinous! Long live the females of the United Kingdom—active participants in the struggle for Democracy, Free Enterprise and Fair Shares!"

"Children of this Sceptred Isle, this Other Eden, this Plot! Resolve to become dutiful, exemplary citizens! Tolerate the short-period discomfort of over-large classes, the reduced purchasing power of pocket money, the inadequacy of playing-fields! Press determinedly and indefatigably for fewer errands, better Coronation souvenirs, more and funnier comics and a longer Children's Hour!"

"Market Gardeners! Develop the cultivation of all-the-year-round spinach! Raise the quality of your work! Give better service!"

"Sportsmen of England! Continue unswervingly to uphold the sporting reputation of the Mother Country! Resolutely refuse to question an umpire's decision! Demand better dividends on the Penny Points Pool! Constantly consolidate the unity of all and sundry!"

"Slogan-writers! Be resolute in your determination to devise bigger, better and more sloganly slogans! Long live the slogan-writers of Britain—supreme architects of the British Way of Life and inveterate opponents of all war instigators and aggressors!"

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"It's okay, tovarich—he's been grounded."

CHINESE COMPOSITION



The Master said: "Artful speech and an ingratiating demeanour rarely accompany virtue."
Analect of Confucius

THE DRYING ROOM: or, The Termination of the Predicament

by

G R * H * M G R * * N *

When the curtain rises FATHER FLESH is sitting at a table in the Drying Room, pasting photographs into an album. To leave his hands free he has strapped his ear-trumpet to the side of his head with one of his suspenders. He is 80. There is a rattling at the door. This noise continues for ten minutes. Then the door comes off its hinges, and his sister, MISS FLESH, steps over it into the Drying Room. She is some years older than her brother. She wears lavender satin and a mob cap.

MISS FLESH (*shouting into his ear-trumpet*). There is another letter from the Bishop!

FR. FLESH (*without looking up*). What does he want this time?

MISS FLESH. It is about incense again. Two hundredweight in three months! He's guessed you're reselling it.

FR. FLESH. Rats!

MISS FLESH. You'll be unfrocked.

FR. FLESH. Perhaps it would be better if one were unfrocked.

MISS FLESH. How should we live then?

FR. FLESH. One thinks one would find a way. Have the new photographs from Paris arrived yet?

MISS FLESH. Nipcat is bringing them. That young man is after our niece.

FR. FLESH. If she is one's niece.

MISS FLESH. Whether she's your niece, or whether she isn't, she is to leave Nipcat alone.

FR. FLESH. You want him for yourself.

MISS FLESH. Why not?

FR. FLESH. Why not, indeed?

MISS FLESH. There are only sixty-seven years between us.

FR. FLESH. It should be enough. Here is Nipcat.

Enter NIPCAT. He is about 20, with a wooden leg and a false hand. He wears a zoot suit and two pairs of spectacles. He is carrying a large parcel.

FR. FLESH. Where are the photographs? I can't wait all night. I have Sin to commit.

NIPCAT (*handing over the parcel and sitting down to adjust his wooden leg*). Take 'em. (*Wearily*) How sick one is of Sin!

FR. FLESH. Naturally, one is sick of Sin. Do you suppose one can sit in a drying room all day long, pasting pictures like this into a scrap-book, without getting sick of Sin?

NIPCAT. Why doesn't one stop, then?

FR. FLESH. One can't spend *all* one's time selling incense on the Black Market, can one? When does Benita's turn end at the Blue Belfry?

NIPCAT. She is due here at any moment. One hopes one will not slash her across the face with one's rosary to-night.

FR. FLESH. That depends on



"It's not what I'd imagined from the pattern."

one's Sin quota. She is bringing a sample of the new blended incense with her—it goes twice as far as the ordinary kind. (*Dreamily*) But does it smell as sweet as in the old days of one's innocence? One remembers the scent so well when one was an acolyte. But here she is.

Enter BENITA. She has come straight on from her night-club turn, and wears a bikini bathing dress, top hat, and black silk stockings.

FR. FLESH (*sternly*). Do you consider those suitable clothes in which to appear before one? Put on your gloves!

BENITA. Stow it! Do you want to try some of the blended incense? I've got a sample here.

She places a large rubber bag full of incense on the table. Then she crosses the room and takes NIPCAT by the hand.

MISS FLESH (*giving a shriek*). Leave Nipcat alone!

NIPCAT (*to BENITA*). It can't be.

BENITA. Why not?

NIPCAT. I belong to her.

BENITA. But we were to be married by the Cardinal!

FR. FLESH. Stop arguing and show me the incense.

NIPCAT *shrugs his shoulders*.

BENITA (*passionately*). Oh, why do we have to lead this awful life, half-way between the Third Man and the Third Programme? I can't stand it much longer!

FR. FLESH. It's all a question of Sin. How is one to pack in one's Sin quota otherwise? Light the incense.

BENITA *suddenly pours a handful of incense into his ear-trumpet, and ignites it with a match. There is a deafening explosion. All the water pipes burst and flood the Drying Room. FR. FLESH, MISS FLESH, and NIPCAT are blown from the stage. BENITA removes her top hat and begins to make up her face. A gentle perfume of incense pervades the auditorium. Off-stage the deep notes of a church organ begin to play.*

BENITA. I do believe I've lost my sense of Sin.

[CURTAIN]

ANTHONY POWELL

The New Elizabethans

What is Truth? said jesting Russell



I have taken all knowledge to be my province, wrote BACON.
How mighty the minds that plan on that opulent scale!—
That conquer the world of philosophy; then, at eighty,
Dash off a serial yarn for the *Daily Mail*.

B. A. Y.

Pundits v. Pigtails at Badminton

IT may be heresy to say so, but the first day at Badminton is always dull, the sole test being on Dressage, the finer points of which are only understood by experts. But this year it was enlivened by controversy. At nine p.m. the night before, Major Rook and Starlight were told, at least I suppose Starlight was told, that they had been dropped from the British Team and that Major Weldon and Kilbarry had been substituted. Starlight had become temperamental, the Pundits said, and Kilbarry was more reliable.

But there were others (the Pony Clubs to the last Pigtail) whose loyalty was unshaken. "What! Drop Starlight, who was only robbed by cruel luck from bringing back a medal from Helsinki? Drop Major Rook, who gave us that interesting talk last hols on Stable Management?" So the discussion went on while the horses danced their ritual in the Duke of Beaufort's terribly flat park.

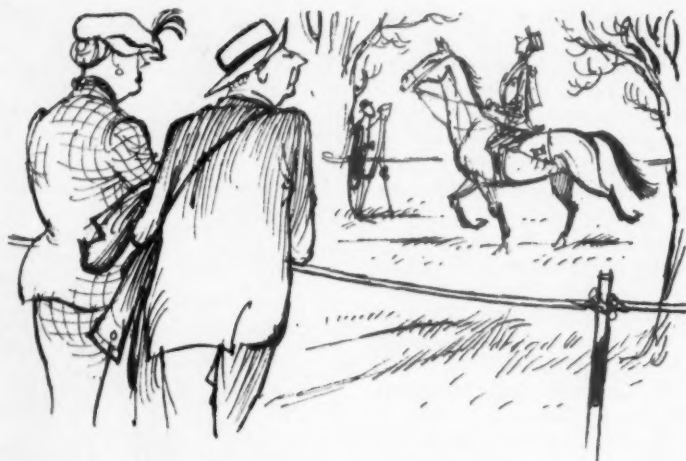


We had been warned to look out for a Frenchman with the improbable name of Monsieur Horngreen, and he and his chestnut Ratou gave a classic display. All eyes were then turned on Starlight competing for the individual prize. "He's a man-eater, you know," remarked my next-door neighbour, a lady in burnt porridge, as he entered the ring

switching his tail. But, after Starlight had gone through the test soberly enough, the lady explained that she only meant that the horse preferred lady grooms.

And how the Pony Clubs clapped when the marking was given

alternate use of endearments and the shillelagh, refused to cross the Watersplash jump and his defection eliminated the Irish team. Next the announcer apprised us that Mynheer van Loon of Holland had withdrawn after a heavy fall at the Quarry and



out. First, the Swiss mare Aphrodite; equal second, Monsieur Horngreen and Major Rook. As for the team placing, Switzerland was a little in front of Great Britain, with the Irish a bad third.

Owing to some managerial miscalculation, most of the fifty thousand spectators were still stuck in Gloucestershire lanes several miles from the course when the second or cross-country day opened. Fortunately the competitors too had a considerable way to travel—about fifteen miles along roads and tracks, to say nothing of a short steeplechase course—before reaching the cross-country section. This consisted of thirty-five stiff and tricky fences to be taken at speed, and the majority of the crowd had reached the course by the time the earlier horses started to arrive.

The first international horse to appear was the Swiss Vae Victis; close behind him, going even better, came the lovely grey Speculation, giving Mr. Hindley, the British captain, the ride of his life. Hope, mount of Captain Dudgeon, despite

that Monsieur Horngreen and Ratou were going well.

But we were not prepared for the pace at which Monsieur Horngreen from Pau was riding over this redoubtable country. Overnight his trainer had told me that this combination was the fastest thing behind a bagged fox this side of the Pyrenees, and I can well believe it. Fence after fence, *le "Oxer," le*





"Irish Bank," even *le* "Luckington Road Double," were flung behind them with contemptuous ease. The end came at the twenty-ninth, a small but tricky fence with an uphill landing. Going *ventre à terre*, Ratou took off too soon, struck the wall, and gave his rider a heavy fall. Both got up shaken, to finish the course at a more sober gait.

All through the afternoon the announcer continued remorselessly. "Number Thirty, having fallen at the Quarry, is now approaching the

standing. Starlight now had a favourite's chance for the individual prize, and once again the Pony Clubs cheered as he flashed by, to complete a fast and faultless round.

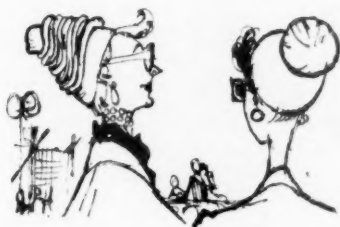
Twenty-eight entered the arena on the final day to parade before the Queen and fight it out over a ring jump course. There were notable absentees. Aphrodite had been eliminated and Ratou—gay and brilliant Ratou—had been withdrawn. What was the score sheet? Rook and Starlight, plus fifteen, Asker of Sweden, minus thirteen, with Major Weldon and Captain Schwarzenbach some way behind, the rest being nowhere.

"An interesting position," said the Pundits. "Not at all," said the

Pigtails, for the dumbest girl at St. Winifred's could work out the sum. Rook would have to knock down three of the dozen fences and Asker would need a clear round for the position to be reversed. No one else was near enough to matter.

Saddled for the last stage, Starlight did show signs of temperament but it was the right kind of temperament, high mettled and keen. Nicely over the first four, he knocked down the fifth fence, jumped the next six well—a neat turn round the royal wagon and, amid complete silence, he bore down at the last. He met it perfectly and with a flick from his rider's wrist Starlight was over with a clean pair of heels. Hurrah! The Pigtails have it.

GIDEON TODE



'Coffin.'" By means of such cheerful snippets we could follow each horse's progress. But towards the end interest centred on two horses — Aphrodite, the Swiss mare, Number One at the end of the first day, and Starlight. The Swiss were leading and Aphrodite had but two more fences to cross to put them well ahead when she reached the intimidating "Watersplash."

Four times Captain Meyer put her at it and four times she refused, thus eliminating both herself and the Swiss as a team and leaving Great Britain the only nation



Truthful Answers

DEAR MR. BENTJMAN,—I am honorary secretary of the University Ink Club and am instructed to invite you to address us on "The Art of Journalism" next Saturday. Our usual procedure is for the Committee to entertain the guest speaker to light refreshments at Patsy's Pantry in the High Street at 6.30 p.m. The meeting begins at 7.45 with business. The speaker commences at 8 p.m. and is expected to read a paper lasting from three-quarters of an hour to an hour so as to allow plenty of time for questions afterwards. I am afraid this is rather short notice but we have great difficulty in getting speakers.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR PIKE

Dear Sir,—The only sentence I like in your letter is the last as there is truth in it and it does not surprise me. I do not like light refreshments so soon after tea and can picture the stodgy cake, synthetic cream buns and lukewarm coffee-extract at Patsy's Pantry. Even if I had the time to write so long a paper the subject is not one which I would choose. There is no art in journalism. It is the last refuge of failed authors, and the fact that you ask me to discuss journalism reminds me painfully that I am one of its practitioners. So does your mis-spelling of my name. Finally I must tell you that undergraduates frighten me.

Yours truly,

J. BETJEMAN

DEAR MR. BELGIUMEN,—Here in Haltwhistle we have established quite a flourishing literary coterie where we read each other's poems out loud. It is our practice, every so often, to invite a guest critic to come and listen to our work and to help the Chairman and Committee to award the annual prize. The session is unlikely to last more than three hours. As we are a small and entirely voluntary society, I am afraid we can offer no fee, but can guarantee you an enthusiastic audience. Mrs. Skull, our Chairman, asks me to say she will be delighted

to give you dinner and a "shake down" at her house afterwards.

Yours sincerely,

DULCIE BINDLETHWAITE,

Hon. Sec.

Dear Madam,—You must be mad if you think I will travel all the way from Berkshire to Northumberland to listen to a lot of egocentrics reading out their own drivel. I already know a lot of people and am too old to enlarge my acquaintance by adding your Chairman, Mrs. Skull, to it. I can imagine the drying grape-fruit, cool fried fish, sickly trifle and literary small-talk to which I would have to submit before my three-hour ordeal. I can imagine, too, that Haltwhistle

is a bleak spot, so I would not appreciate a "shake down" in that city, if city it be, which I doubt.

Yours sincerely,

J. BETJEMAN

SIR,—My Borough Library Committee requests me to demand you to give a series of four lectures on "Modern Architecture" on four successive Mondays.

As these public lectures are in the nature of an experiment, whether they will be continued depends on public response.

It is not our custom to offer a fee, but we have made arrangements with the Victoria and Albert Museum to make not more than twelve slides, provided it is understood that they become the property of the Borough at the conclusion of the lectures.

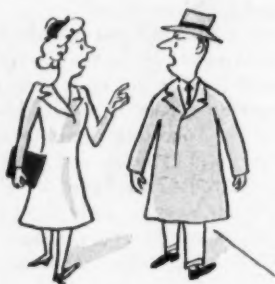
Yours faithfully,

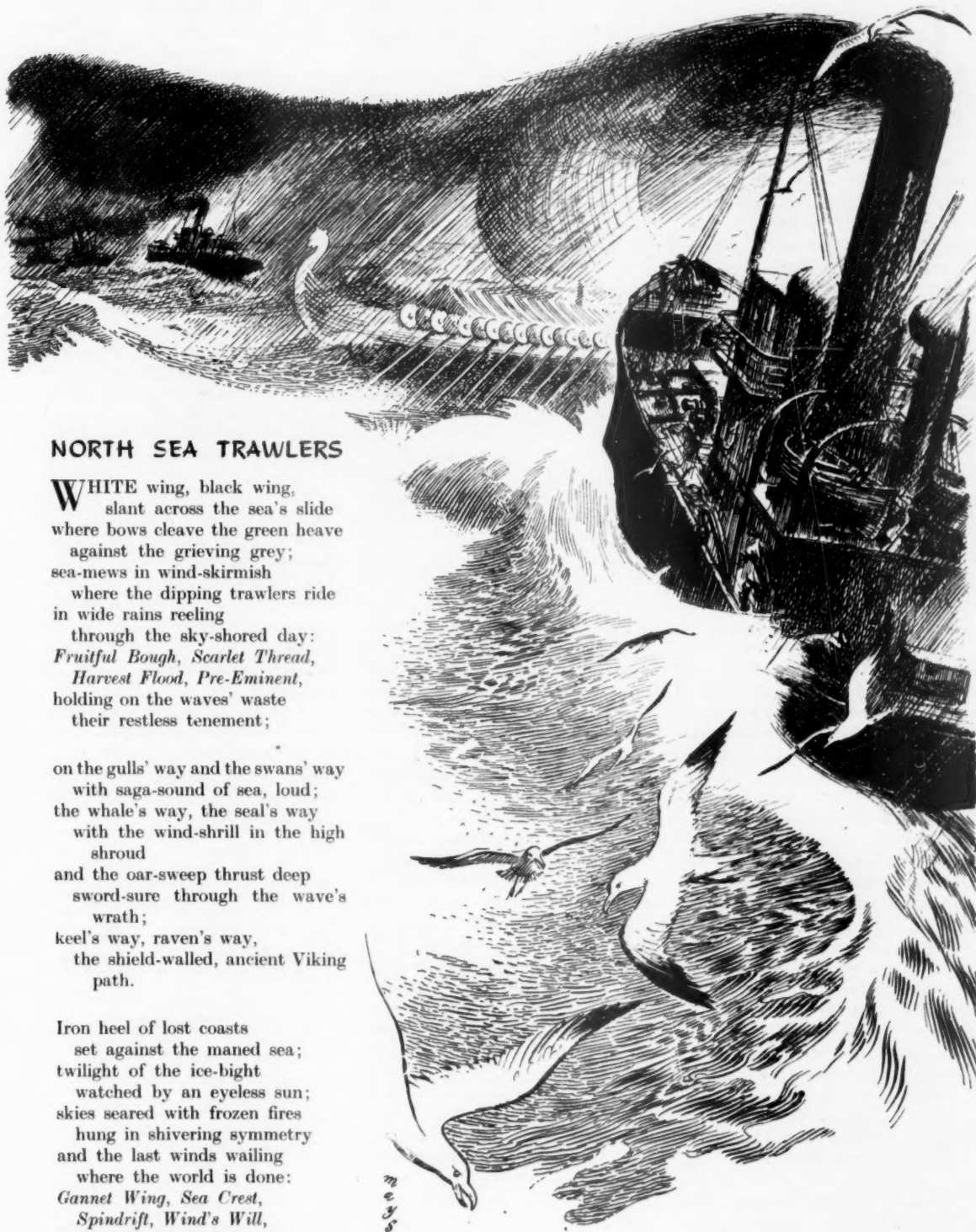
H. RIGGS

per pro Town Clerk

Sir,—I have received your insulting demand. Boil your head and that of the Town Clerk.

J. B.





NORTH SEA TRAWLERS

WHITE wing, black wing,
 slant across the sea's slide
 where bows cleave the green heave
 against the grieving grey;
 sea-mews in wind-skirmish
 where the dipping trawlers ride
 in wide rains reeling
 through the sky-shored day:
Fruitful Bough, Scarlet Thread,
Harvest Flood, Pre-Eminent,
 holding on the waves' waste
 their restless tenement;

on the gulls' way and the swans' way
 with saga-sound of sea, loud;
 the whale's way, the seal's way
 with the wind-shrill in the high
 shroud
 and the oar-sweep thrust deep
 sword-sure through the wave's
 wrath;
 keel's way, raven's way,
 the shield-walled, ancient Viking
 path.

Iron heel of lost coasts
 set against the maned sea;
 twilight of the ice-bight
 watched by an eyeless sun;
 skies seared with frozen fires
 hung in shivering symmetry
 and the last winds wailing
 where the world is done:
Gannet Wing, Sea Crest,
Spindrift, Wind's Will,
 seek upon the seas' waste
 the grey secret still.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

THE London Zoo has just celebrated its hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary. It has come quite a long way. A small triangle in the wilds has pushed through tunnels under road and over canal to become a big triangle, and now from the bison to the brush turkey is a tidy step. Seats just not sticky with new orange and yellow, licks of paint here and slaps of whitewash there, a grand avenue of flags, have marked the occasion, which is being spread over the year.

But at once from these mild festivities we are distracted. The peacock, the peacock is strutting!

He spreads himself in a fine old Persian manner, never having heard of Iran or oil. The Moussadek writhe would be a vanity unknown to him, and presumably also he hasn't read his own designation of "Common Peafowl, Male." Uncommon surely he may claim to be, as, outsparking the featheriest goddess of the Moulin Rouge, he advances and recedes, side-steps to reveal the musical clacking of wings sacrificed to fashion, shudders with melodramatic appeal, and is all eyes, as indeed are we.

Only the hen remains uninfluenced: a bit overdone, she seems to be saying, as she pecks over the gravel without even glancing up. There's a whole terrace of these exquisites, a Princes' Row, and one and all they are airing their tails and taking a squint to see how the other fellow gets on with his, or executing a sort of knock-kneed dance of rage up and down the netting. More shining even than they, the white peacock has been situated in a distant pheasantry.

Elsewhere, if never so gorgeously, a spring fancy touches Creation. The black-coated penguins are waddling out from a banquet, and the hyena rolls on his back: he'll die of laughing, before ever he comes to that joke. Then, how goes it with the giraffe? Still a bit governessy, condescending? And the baboon blushing? Has the lion

given up dreaming of unicorns? Does the eagle frown, and the hare cringe, and the gorilla hold out a begging palm? So many old familiar faces! All we require is the assurance, sometimes odd and delightful, sometimes alarming, that they're as they were, and that an old world remains. We may change our spots, not the leopard. No shift of policy is discernible, under the lens, in the ant-city, at this moment excited by a gift of orange slices.

The news from Korea is of leopards, larks, humming-birds, otters.

Poor *Homo sapiens*, he has such a burden to slough off! As one dawdles a way round, it's as well not to linger with those who too

insistently hold up the mirror—various monkeys and apes, for example. Tropical birds and fishes will plunge us into a world more of art than of life; and I have a fondness myself for the Small Mammals house and the Rodents and New Arrivals. The latter especially exert a lively lure for the curious. Genets and porcupines, tree-climbers, burrowers of one kind and another abound; the unlabelled tarsier (or is it a loris?) with head-lamp eyes delicately haunts; and we'd warm no doubt to the Least Chipmunk, if he didn't so observe the disembodiment of his name.

A strangely cloaked, amicable group is that of the Indian fruit bats, clinging (one with its baby) to the roof, trembling, blinking in the diffused sun. The railing across the corner is for their protection; last year one of them died from cigarette burns. They don't resent, and seem hardly to notice, inquiring fingers. An umbrella wing is stretched as though to illustrate kinship with the pterodactyl. Two hooks serve for hands, and the attitudes are mild, surprised, uncertain—and of course, upside-down.

Upside-down also, in the next cage, is the sloth pacing to and fro aloft, watched incredulously by a small armadillo (pre-history has certainly set foot here). Our own

world being already so—topsy-turvy, I mean—we can sympathize with the point of view, though its voluntary assumption remains mysterious. There, how thoughts, more than bars, intrude! Can't we look at anything, even Zoo animals, with fresh eyes? The bother is that if we rid ourselves of our own troubles we may tend to assume theirs. Some are pretty well off, others not. In too many cages squats the bugbear Boredom. The flying squirrel, safe but grounded, bats hemmed in cubicles measurable by inches—what twilight ever is theirs?

On the other hand, give them wing-room, and away will zigzag fun, interest, sympathy, and the rest.

So it doesn't do to stay overlong. I enjoy a portrait here, a pat there; and soon I am ready to go out where I came in. But what's happening in Princes' Row? Such a hullabaloo! The birds squawk. A little four-foot elephant, passing with his keeper, has gone almost mad with pleasure. He won't be dragged on. He must squawk too. Then he barks; and before this unexpected admirer the peacocks outvie one another in their fan-dance which looks like going on for ever.

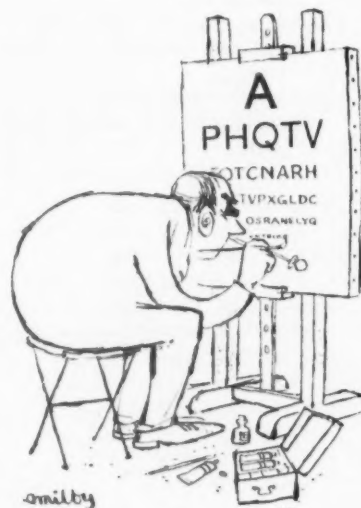
One thing, by the way, since this is a gala year, and visitors from abroad are expected by the thousand. The Zoo is well supplied with cafés, but in not one of them will you obtain a cup of coffee.

G. W. STONIER

ANIMAL



SPIRITS





"Proposed and seconded, then, that we ignore the new rule about bumpers until we get another pitch."

TO A HORSE

DEAR horse, by Frenchmen called *cheval*,

Look up, dejected animal:
And do not stand outside my door
As if you found this world a bore.
You labour seven days a week:
But that, you know, is not unique.
Besides, you'll be off duty soon:
I wish that *I* could stop at noon.
You're waiting, yes, but, you'll allow,
You should be used to that by now.
You're well aware it's Saturday,
When all your grateful clients pay.
If Jane can find the money due
Your milkman will return to you,
And you'll be on your way to bed
While I am sadly winning bread.
What do you dream of, dear old horse?
Newmarket Heath?—the Epsom course?
Or do you, in your lonely box,
Fine ladies up, pursue the fox,
And, in the springtime, beat the book
With frantic leaps at Becher's Brook?

Alas, for you no punter cheers,
No jockey whispers in your ears.
The only noises that you know
Are bottles—and, of course, "Milk-o!"
You carry no man's half-a-crown:
Few people care if you fall down.
I think I understand your views:
"Frustrated" is the word we use.
Yet, horse, be happy. Man must live:
Think of the happiness you *give*!
Milk is, the medicoes insist,
The noblest liquid on the list.
Behold with half a father's pride
The bonny babes on every side.
And listen! When we men describe
The vintage virtues of our tribe,
When we proclaim that So-and-so
Is quite the nicest chap we know,
That he is courteous, brave and kind,
A gentleman in deed and mind—
How do we put it—shortly? Thus:
We say that he is "chivalrous."

A. P. H.

No Laughter at Manton

IT is easy, for one who has only lately been brought face to face with the closing to passenger traffic of the Heacham-Wells branch line, to sympathize with the curators of the Devizes and Bristol Museums in their recent gruesome experience near Marlborough. True, the station at Burnham Market (last stop but one, as old Heachamites will recall, on the journey to Wells, and singled out here for reasons that will become clear to my more dogged readers) differs in many respects from the Long Barrow at Manton Down; it lacks, for one thing, an inner stone chamber expressly designed for the reception of the dead. But the sense of shock experienced on going to the former to meet a train, only to be told that no such thing has been heard of there since last May, finds a pretty close parallel in the scandalized amazement of the two curators who went to the latter, only to discover that it no longer existed. That the writer was not himself a member either of the Burnham Market or of the Manton Down expedition is neither here nor there.

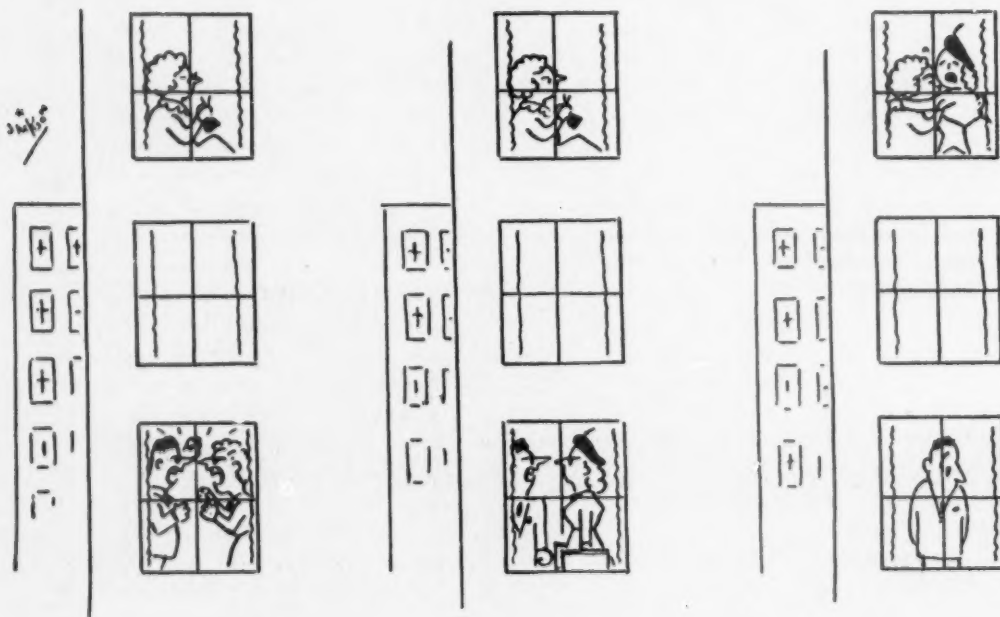
Few things can be more annoying than to conduct a group of young people to see an ancient monument—I am speaking now of the Long Barrow; we shall return to Burnham Market, whatever the difficulties, later—and to find on arrival that the monument has gone. As the eager sightseers cluster round the hole in the ground where the Parthenon, let us say, or Tintern Abbey ought to be, there is little for the official guide to say beyond an apologetic "Well, I'll be blown!" or "You ought to have seen it last week." Then it's back to the charabane for everyone, and bitter recriminations

over a meat tea that has somehow lost its savour. At Manton Down the surprise and disappointment must have been particularly acute, in view of the age of the relic and the practical impossibility of blaming the organizers for its absence.

Out of an untroubled sky the thunderbolt fell on the unfortunate curators—and a thunderbolt it was, for no softening or ameliorating circumstance helped to prepare their minds for their (and the nation's) loss. Had the scar on the face of the downs left by the ravishing away of the barrow been concealed by a skilful relaying of the turf, there might at least have been an interval of doubt, some skirmishing to and fro, before the ineluctable had to be faced. "Surely," Mr. Thomas of Devizes would have muttered, drawing his colleague from Bristol a little apart, "it ought to be somewhere about here?" and Mr. Grinsell, with a becoming show of deference to the local man, would perhaps have wondered whether it was possible, my dear fellow, that they were a little too far to the east. Then, after a short discussion, they would no doubt have formed the Youth Hostellers into line at fifty-paces interval with instructions to quarter the ground and keep a sharp look-out for a pear-shaped mound about 200 feet long with a megalithic chamber inside. So, by easy degrees, the hideous truth would have dawned.

In fact, so the story goes, the murder was out at the first bewildered glance. Bulldozers had left their grisly spoor . . .

Comment on the disappearance of the Manton barrow must perforce be pretty restrained. There is,



or was, talk of legal action, and the dread phrase *sub judice* rises up to freeze the ink on the writer's pen. But it seems safe to say that if the alleged owner of the land on which the so-called barrow is stated to have stood was in fact in any degree responsible for the demolition of this ancient monument, he was so unwittingly. ("What is a barrow?" he is said to have asked when approached—thus cutting the ground cleanly from under the feet of any judge who might subsequently become involved in the affair, a far more serious act of sabotage.) He would, moreover, it is also safe to assume, have caused notices to be promulgated, had he known in time of the unfortunate mishap, warning archaeologists that the Long Barrow should now be struck off their list of worthwhile excursions.

No such favourable view can be taken of the Eastern Region over their handling of the Burnham-Market affair. When one rings up Liverpool Street with a request for train times and is told to take the 11.50 a.m., arriving Heacham 3.30 p.m., change there, departing 3.50 and arriving Burnham Market 4.35, one is justified in the assumption that trains actually run between the two last-named places. "Pick me up," one cries gaily to those who are going by car, "at Burnham Station soon after half-past four," and so it is agreed. Conceive, then, the agony of mind when the ticket clerk at Liverpool Street roundly declines to issue a ticket beyond Heacham on the ground that the line is closed. There is an altercation. Why was one not told? The people in the Passenger Enquiries department distinctly stated—. Better take it up in that case, the clerk advises, with them. He is civil, one grants that. There is nothing in his manner, unfortunately, with which one can reasonably quarrel. But the agony of mind...

It is all very well for the people in the Passenger Enquiries department to maintain that the information they gave was perfectly correct. The bus, they say, leaves Heacham at 3.50, arriving Burnham Market 4.35. The bus! They seem to think that as long as one arrives at one's destination at the stated time the mode of travel is a matter of no concern. They do not for a moment consider the shock to one's dear ones who will bowl gaily up to a railway station more chill and lifeless than any demolished barrow.

One's dear ones, in fact, arrived at the station with three minutes to spare to be met by a curator—no other terms will suffice—who scouted, with hoots of laughter, the suggestion that the 4.35 was about due. "Not since May," he cried, as soon as his keen sense of the ridiculous—the rich humour of the idea that people might actually arrive at his station by train—allowed him coherent speech. This tribulation, at least, the Manton Down party were spared. No one greeted them on the desolate site with huge thigh-slappings and cries of "That old thing? Why, that were done away with weeks ago." A fitting silence brooded over the passing of the age-old tomb.

I don't know—but if those bulldozers have finished their operations at Manton, there might be a useful job of work for them up there at Burnham Market.

H. F. ELLIS



PUNCH CORONATION NUMBER



ON May 18, Mr. Punch makes his contribution to the Coronation festivities with his special Coronation Number.

This is to be sixty-four pages long, with colour on every page. The price is 2/6.

Postal subscribers will receive their copy in the normal way, without special application. Readers who order *Punch* locally are advised to place an order with their newsagent without delay, as the number of copies will be strictly limited.

Golden Age Returns—at the Academy

WE live in an age of unruffled ease and leisure. So the Royal Academy depicts it. And the Royal Academy, having reflected each age since Sir Joshua's, must know.



It is an age—like Sir Joshua's—in which none of us is obliged to work. Nobody on these walls is doing anything except the children, restless, busy little things that they are. We lead lives of repose, free from strain, with endless time on our hands. Our ladies sit tranquilly, hour after hour, on drawing-room chairs—Louis Seize or Chippendale or Charles the Second—dressed in ball frocks and pearls, or not dressed at all, or perhaps stripped to the waist in front of mirrors. Calmly they await their partners or resign themselves to their absence.

Only Mr. Devas's Miss Millar is on the move, tripping off perhaps to powder a nose which does not require it. Only Mr. Buhler's Woman, with a kerchief round her neck, shows signs of fatigue, after a hardish day without domestic help. Only Miss Thornbery is in a hurry, doing her hair as though late for a dinner which she has cooked. But then she painted herself, and painters' lives are different.

Our gentlemen, if they do work, have the decency to conceal it. The hands of the President's Dr. Vaughan-Williams are unsoiled by apparent musical labour; Mr. Elwes has put Sir Thomas Beecham into a dressing-gown, to conceal his too professional white tie. The scientists are innocent of retorts or microscopes. The Bishops preach no sermons—Mr. Fleetwood-Walker's J.P. has some papers on his desk, but has turned aside from them with gentlemanly embarrassment, while one of his companions has hurriedly removed his spectacles. Nor can there be much cause for anxiety in Malaya if Mr. Thomson's ex-Governor of Singapore had time to dress up so grandly, and if the curtain behind him can part to reveal so formidable a full-rigged schooner.

We live, of course, in the country, in houses just the right size, in rooms bathed for ever in a filtering amber sunlight. Open doors reveal suites of them, with parquet floors polished by unseen hands to reflect "good," perhaps Sheraton, furniture. Our floral decorations are in the manner of Miss Spry, never a cushion is out of place, never a flick of cigarette ash on the Persian rug—or indeed, in the Wedgwood ash-tray. We breakfast in the garden, then lazily relax in a punt on the stream or in a hammock in the shade of immemorial trees. It is hard to tell which is the more nostalgic: Sir Alfred Munnings's ladies canoeing downstream beneath Japanese parasols, or their neighbour, Mr. Lamb's Cecil Beaton at the age of thirty.

We live, it will be observed, in an age of security. Mr. Lamb's street hooligans carry no "coshes." Mr. Hepple's gunman and gunwoman sit not on the verge of a Mau Mau ambush but in the becalmed interior of

Ryston Hall, their game bag empty, their shot-guns reflecting no hostile intentions against man, bird or beast.

We do not live, it will likewise be observed, in an age of energy. Sports, apart from a little seasonal yachting on the Solent, and an occasional amble with Sir Alfred on horseback, do not appeal to this age. There are, it is true, some bikers, transfigured by Mrs. Clark with a yellowish haze; but no hikers, no footballers, no boxers, no wrestlers, no athletes.

We live, as you can see from these walls, in an idyllic climate. Our landscapes and seascapes dream interminably in the rays of a sun which never fails to pierce wisps of cloud. Sometimes it snows. But it never rains. The nearest we get to a storm is Mr. Eurich's flamboyant rainbow. Of course we can always get abroad—or our painters can—to cover a funeral in France, or scan the ramparts at Mogador, or inspect that tower at Pisa, still leaning away. But why bother, when life at home is all "September Stillness," "Sunshine and Roses" or a "Bowl of Begonias"?

There are, of course, escapists, who pretend that it is not. There are those who paint such products of their imagination as factory chimneys, television aerials, power stations, advertisement hoardings, or the floodlighting of Cromwell Road by night. Mr. Daniels has painted painters painting traffic-lights. But none of this, in the world we live in, strikes a very convincing note.

Some have escaped from the contemporary world into a Century said to be that of the Common Man. There are several unrepresentative portraits of common men, common women and even common boys. Mr. le Bas stretches his imagination so far as to depict women in a factory, packing anchovies. These are not the kind of people we know.

We are offered means of escape into other worlds of illusion—with Dame Laura Knight to the Circus, Mr. Cadogan Cowper into the society of knights in shining armour, Mr. Lawrence to Unknown Lands, with Sir Walter Raleigh, cloak and all. But what need, when the world of our everyday lives is so delectable? What's wrong with reality?

There is only one disquieting symptom: the morose and indeed, menacing looks of the painters themselves, portrayed by Mr. Moynihan at the Royal College of Art, where they must teach rather than paint for a living. Already they show a tendency to paint themselves as thugs, their wives as drudges, and their homes as places of some disorder. Are they spoiling for revolt? Will they, one of these days, start to paint countesses at the sink, after the manner of Dégas, interiors in bourgeois bad taste, after the manner of Vuillard; life lived at the tempo of the snapshot (as Mr. Spear already paints it) after the manner of Sickert?

Then indeed the fat will be in the fire at the Academy.

KINROSS



214

"I've never known them on time with lunch at this place."



26

"... and the doctor said 'Well—it's a different kind of 'flu'!'"



241

"Mind if I wear a cloak? Damned draughty studio this."



91

"Bloodsports aren't the thing at Freddie's progressive school."

247/547 7/5



47

"Waiter! Could I have a fork, please?"



The Italian Irving

filmed," he said. "At least you can see what you've done."

But at the mention of films his mouth went down, and his hands fluttered like disturbed birds. He cannot forgive the cinema for telling the young they are stars long before they have learned their job. He considers even the most mature film actor requires a periodic refresher on the stage. "It's a pity our own directors concentrate so insistently on the poverty of Italy. We have other and pleasanter aspects."

His face lit up again when we asked him about Duse. "The greatest actress of my experience. Playing to her was wonderful, but dangerous, because instead of thinking of my own lines I was listening to her all the time in admiration. Yes, she was greater even than Bernhardt. She was simpler in everything she did."

Turning to production, we touched off a small bonfire of vigorous opinion. The tradition that its chief actor should direct the company, as Ruggeri still does, is at last dying in Italy, but he thinks this a mistake. Producers are seizing too much power in the modern theatre; unless they are very experienced they can fatally mar an actor's technique. And to be experienced, says Ruggeri, they must also have been actors.

A prime difference between Italian and English methods, he explained, lay in the Italian custom of prompting the entire script from a box in the centre of the fore-stage, as in opera. This being thought impossible in London, he had fallen back on two prompters in the wings, and the change had worried him.

Admittedly it worried me a little at the St. James's, this discreet but steady hissing, but Ruggeri appeared unperturbed by its twin sources. *Enrico IV* was not perhaps an ideal choice for a capital whose bravest art theatres fight shy of Pirandello. There is very little action in its long examination of the varying sanity of a gentleman

who fell from his horse and believed he was an Emperor, but a total ignorance of Italian cut me off from metaphysical speculation, and thus left me deliciously free to consider the acting.

It was startling, how the unassuming professor of the hotel lounge had turned into a figure of majesty. One was struck immediately by the beauty of his voice and the economy of all his movements. The fire I had expected was there, it glowed authentically, but it had been banked down. There are no bold poster-strokes about Ruggeri; his detail is so accomplished that the slightest exaggeration becomes infinitely expressive. All the time I was watching him I felt that in *Lear* he might have been magnificent.

This astonishing octogenarian, a link with the great past, still walks like a young man.

ERIC KEOWN

5 5

"STATUTORY INSTRUMENTS
1952 No. 1732
SAFEGUARDING OF INDUSTRIES
The Safeguarding of Industries (List of
Dutiable Goods)
(Amendment No. 3) Order, 1952
CORRIGENDUM

Page 2, line 4, for
1:1A-Dicyanoazocyclohexane,
read 1:1'-Dicyanoazocyclohexane."

All right. But if you knew the trouble you've caused—



"She cries all night—have you anything for a violent headache?"

Nothing about him proclaims that he acted with Duse. He has exquisite restless hands, and a gentle voice, which you may have heard as the Voice of Christ in *The Little World of Don Camillo*. He is magnetic, but in the most unobtrusive fashion. When he played *Hamlet* here in 1926 he achieved his ambition of performing his favourite part in its author's own country, and confounded the more virile English critics by shedding unmistakably genuine tears into the grave of Ophelia.

Now he is eighty-two, and, talking alertly from a hard chair, looked twenty years younger. Our interview, planned to be in French and international hand-semaphore, owed most to the kind offices of an interpreter. Ruggeri had just suffered his first ordeal by TV, and was politely amused by the technical manoeuvres needed for the recitation of a single poem. "I prefer being

A LETTER FROM JUDAS

JUDAS COLLEGE, OXBRIDGE
MY DEAR TIMOTHY,—Of course, since you got a Third in your Schools you cannot expect a very interesting life, but doubtless you are settling down in your present sphere. You may be interested in the College news, such as it is. As you know, Professor Fish is resigning under the age limit, and there is naturally speculation about his successor. In fact, in this matter, some of my colleagues have hardly shown due regard to the proprieties hitherto cherished at Judas.

An obvious candidate is Scug. I fear that the Faculty, perhaps rightly, resent the popular *réclame* he has so successfully pursued. To the general public, I am even credibly informed, Judas means Scug. I am told, also, that he commands considerable fees for lectures in the Midlands and even in Scotland. And his book on *Our Anglo-Saxon Heritage* is well known, I gather, on the other side of the Atlantic.

But while anxious that the honour should fall to Judas, the College feels that the Faculty's prejudice is understandable. After all, it is not merely writing books which counts in the long run. Oyle of Cadaver, who published a most valuable article in *History* in 1915, and has since been researching on mediæval farming, with particular reference to the use of manure, is considered a safer candidate. He is not, admittedly, a good lecturer, but, after all, it is not merely the capacity to lecture that matters either. I am afraid that neither candidate is behaving very well. Scug has been openly canvassing, and Oyle, who seldom goes out of doors, has been seen constantly on the Vice-Chancellor's doorstep.

To revert to your own concerns, my dear boy, I trust the Headmaster

is showing you full consideration. As you know, he is a Judas man, and he desires to place his son in the College. Unhappily for him, in these days of competition for entrance, I fear his boy is not very bright in the head. This difficulty, as I expect you know, was touched upon before he was induced to offer you your present appointment.



There is naturally much talk this term about the award of Honorary Degrees. Sir Felix Sprott, who discovered all that uranium, will of course receive his

Doctorate, and no doubt, in the interests of Anglo-American solidarity, Professor Amos B. Thwacker, of Booster University, Pa., has strong claims. But the award in which the College feels particular interest, and which it has indeed promoted, is the Doctorate of Letters for Sir Ahmed Zafarullah. This outstanding Zanzibari economist and man of affairs we have long felt should be drawn more closely into University and especially College business. He was a Freshman, you know, in my year,

though I cannot say I saw much of him at the time.

Other honorands include, I gather, Herr Doctor Dachsel of Heidelberg, who has done so much for European solidarity since the second German war, and that fine scientist, Lord Gleep, now perfecting the hell bomb.

Have you any candidates who seem promising for the closed scholarships? I know that the intellectual level of your pupils is not likely to be high, but I do not think we need always make the awards merely for intellectual ability. Character and presentability go far. I understand, too, that the Warden would favourably consider candidates who have distinguished themselves on the river, or even on the football field.

Keep your eyes open, my dear Timothy. It was not without difficulty that the College obtained you your position. You will understand that we expect you to look after our interests in return. Perhaps, then, in spite of former disappointments, you may yet attain some advancement.

Believe me,

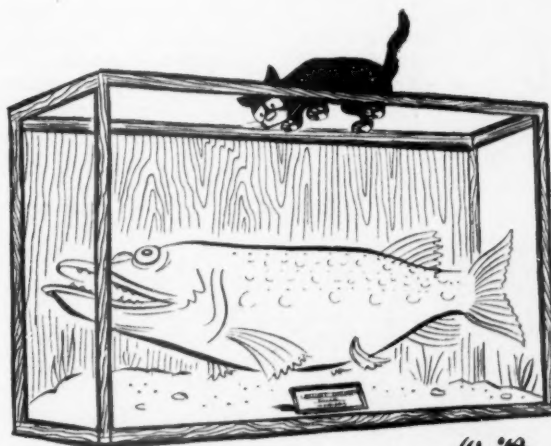
Yours very sincerely,

HENRY HARDSTAFF

~ ~

Camouflage Back?

"Most of these tanks are constructed and erected here, dissembled, and shipped abroad for re-assembling on the site."—*Glasgow Herald Trade Review*



Walt

JUST WANTS A GOOD KICK

I SEE that the author of TV's *The Pattern of Marriage* is in for a rocket, and I'm sorry for him, because it might have happened to any of us. It seems that in a recent instalment he put into the mouth of a character trying to open a bed-settee the indiscreet words, "Give me a hand—it's jammed"; and the line had scarcely bounded off the ear-drums of a Mr. Stribley, of Bristol, a viewer professionally interested in the dynamics of bed-settees, when he drew a sheet of notepaper towards him and wrote to the *Radio Times*.

"I am concerned," he said, "lest the public should be misled into thinking that all bed-settees tend to jam upon opening," and he continued with details of an experiment by "the firm of which I am director and secretary" in which a bed-settee, powered by electricity, was caused to open and close thirty thousand times in a month without jamming at all.

Mr. Stribley's public-spirited letter, as I see it, makes three interesting points. One, the furniture industry must have its compensations; two, the author of *The Pattern of Marriage* has callously sacrificed the bed-settee on the altar of public mirth; three, authors generally, when tempted to raise a laugh at the expense of the inanimate, will do well to remember that ours is a scientific age, and that any selected company of viewers, listeners and readers to-day is pretty sure to have its sprinkling of Safe-T Deck-chair manufacturers, Ezee-pour Sauce-

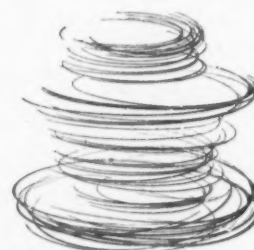
bottle inventors and proud patentees of the Nonnslipp Banana-skin.

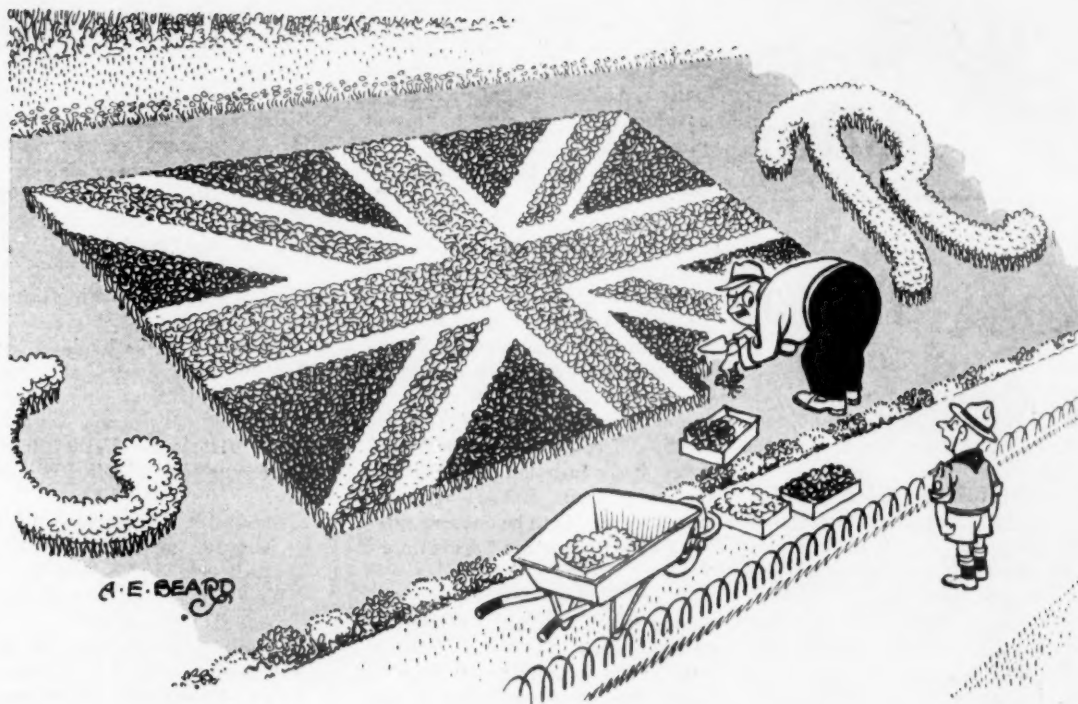
Humorous writing, like life, is a constant adjustment to changing conditions, and if a lucky old-timer like Mr. Harry Tate tried to make a living out of a comic stage motor-car to-day he wouldn't be able to get into his dressing-room for free samples of sparking-plugs that had fired a thousand million times since the previous Tuesday. It's tough, but there it is.

It so happens that the Stribley-Bed-settee incident has caught me, personally, at an awkward time, just when I have completed a potential TV series provisionally entitled "About the House, Garden and Garage," in which much of the material is drawn from my own experience. The central character's first appearance, for instance, shows the danger of haste and carelessness in normally trouble-free operations.

Smith (as I have called him), arriving home after an irritating day in the City, tries to wind up his offside car window from a position on the nearside running-board—a thing he would not have attempted in a calmer state of mind. The result is that the front of his hat-brim is trapped between the top of the glass and the frame, an incident which maddens him by its sheer improbability and causes him, a moment later, to open his front door with unnecessary violence and smash his wife's new umbrella which has fallen, by bad luck, from the hall-stand.

Later in the same instalment, when Smith leans forward to free a





"You realize it's upside down?"

cardboard box of toy conjuring tricks which is preventing him from opening a bureau drawer where he is seeking to put away a book of Chopin's mazurkas, he finds himself unaccountably restrained from the rear, and with an irritable tug tears the flap of his hacking-jacket which has become subtly enmeshed in the music-desk of his grand piano.

All this, of course, will have to be re-written. Consider, otherwise, the contents of my morning mail on

the day after the programme's first broadcast. Here is a long and indignant letter from the public relations officer of Karbliss Ltd., accusing me of ignoring their patent electronic window, which will shut on a hat-brim only if a secret release mechanism is set off under the dashboard; next, a firm of go-ahead hat-makers, threatening action if a repeat of the programme fails to make it clear that Goole's Hats are Glass-repellent (*trade mark*).

Then, after a terse cyclostyled postcard from an unbreakable umbrella firm and some threatening brochures from the managing director and secretary of Glyderyde Cabinets, comes an icily calm but fully documented stinker from a large wholesale piano house. Smith's experience with the bureau, box of conjuring tricks, book of mazurkas and grand piano, says the writer (H. Winterhalter Hoffmensthal, signed in his absence by M. Tigg), can only mislead the public into thinking that all grand pianos tend

to enmesh clothing, and he continues with details of an experiment in the firm's West End showrooms, where Iturbi, Moiseiwitsch and Charlie Kunz spent three days weaving among the pianos without getting their hacking-jackets caught up once.

All in all, my feeling is that Mr. Stribley, of Bristol, has said a word in season. Writers everywhere, on reaching that point in a typescript page where the introduction of a lighter note presses for attention, may well ponder, and, pondering, bless his name. For my own part, I don't even hold against him the now plain necessity to reconstruct the pay-off in number two of my series, a calculatedly humorous scene in which Smith, having by an odd coincidence retired for the night on a bed-settee, is just nodding off when, with a barely audible whir of mechanism, the thing opens and shuts on the first of another thirty-thousand run.

J. B. BOOTHROYD





SHADOW CABINET IN LAGADO

U-NO-HOO, first planner of the Gong party of Lagado, took his place at the head of the table.

"This budget," said U-No-Hoo, "is entirely designed to benefit red-headed uncles (A to K in the alphabet) who enjoy an income of three million pounds a year. It is a most unscrupulous bid for the votes of that privileged section of the electorate. Why should we not rather reduce the income tax of the under-privileged?"

"Perhaps it is because they do not pay any income tax anyway," said Himm-Too, the second planner. "After all, the Chancellor relieved them all of income tax last year."

"Why can't he put the tax on again and then take it off again?" said U-No-Hoo. "That is what a progressive Government would do. That is what the Gongs did when Thanking-U was Chancellor. We must maintain the velocity of circulation. If we gave the judges twenty thousand pounds a year more it would enhance their dignity, and then if we took it all away again in taxes it would maintain the velocity of circulation, and no one would be the worse off."

"But don't you think that the electorate might find that a bit too subtle?" asked Himm-Too.

"Certainly not," said U-No-Hoo. "If it's good enough for films, it's good enough for judges."

U-No-Hoo pressed together the tips of the fingers of his two hands.

"The cinema," said U-No-Hoo, "is a very bad thing. It is responsible for juvenile delinquency. It is the root cause of illiteracy. It inhibits swimming. At this time of

crisis we cannot afford to spend millions a day on a socially irrelevant recreation. Therefore it is quite right that we put on a heavy entertainment tax so as to prevent people going to it."

"That is very true," said Himm-Too.

"The cinema," continued U-No-Hoo without drawing breath, "is a very good thing. It provides employment, and the policy of the Gong party is a policy of full employment. It shows to the people the Lagadan way of life and saves them from becoming a victim to the meretricious fopperies of Hollywood. Of course, it would be very wrong if the Lagadan cinema industry made a profit. But so long as it is run at a loss it is to be encouraged."

"That is very true," said Himm-Too.

"And that is why we take the money which we have collected in entertainment tax and lend it back to the industry to enable it to continue production," said U-No-Hoo. "We maintain the velocity of circulation."

"That is a very good plan," said Himm-Too, "a constructive policy. And how will they pay back the loans if they never make any profits?"

"Out of more loans, of course," said U-No-Hoo.

"And where will the Government get the money for more loans?" asked Himm-Too.

"Out of more taxes, of course," said U-No-Hoo. "It maintains the velocity of circulation."

"But supposing that the tax is so high that people stop going to the cinema?" asked Himm-Too.

"Then, of course, it would be only right to subsidize the seats," said U-No-Hoo. "After all, the cinema is the People's pleasure. The under-privileged have a right to a standard of living which includes a visit to the cinema three times a week."

"But might not people think it rather silly first to tax the cinema and then to subsidize it?" asked Himm-Too.

"Certainly not," said U-No-Hoo. "It would show that we were not biased."

"Besides," said U-No-Hoo, "we can rationalize the industry. The reason why films cost so much to make is that in a bourgeois, individualistic fashion the producers go on trying to make different films. If they just had one film of a standard type and went on making it over and over again, it would save a lot of money."

"But don't you think that the public might notice?" said Himm-Too.

"I don't think so," said U-No-Hoo, "but, if they did, then the remedy is Education."

"But why have people to go on going to the cinema if they have stopped wanting to?" asked Himm-Too.

"Because it is the policy of the Gong party to maintain full employment," said U-No-Hoo.

"We Gongs stand against privilege," said Himm-Too.

"Certainly we Gongs stand against privilege," said U-No-Hoo.

"Fair shares for all," said Himm-Too.

"The principle of social justice," said U-No-Hoo. "If people with six hundred pounds a year pay six shillings in the pound, people with six thousand a year ought to pay sixty shillings in the pound, oughtn't they?"

"Naturally," said Himm-Too. "That goes without saying."

"In the same way," said U-No-Hoo, "films must go on being made because otherwise there would be unemployment among the film-makers."

"And I suppose that Plans must go on being made because otherwise there would be unemployment among the Planners," said Himm-Too.

"Exactly," said U-No-Hoo.

"Well, let's have a Plan," said Himm-Too.

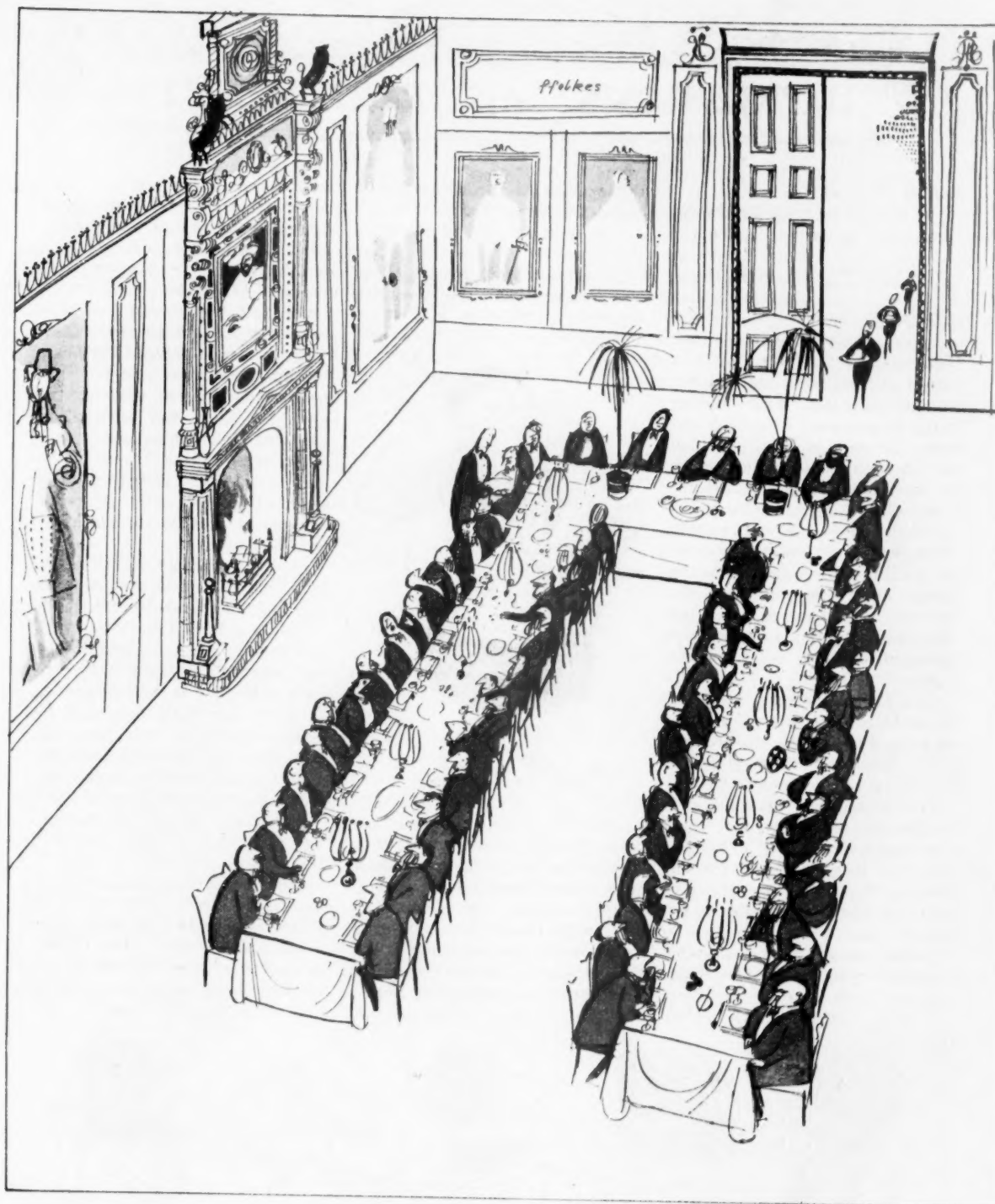
"But I thought we had a Plan already," said U-No-Hoo.

"Then let's have another Plan," said Himm-Too.

"Oh, all right," said U-No-Hoo a little grudgingly.

"And a Quota, too?" asked Himm-Too beseechingly. "I do love a Quota."

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"Shepherd's Pie. Pass it on."



Monday, April 27

It was left to witty Mr. EMYRS HUGHES to find a way round the strict no-names

House of Commons:
Arrive, Sir Winston!

rule in the House of Commons, and to refer, in so many words—as everybody else wanted to—to “*Sir Winston Churchill*.” The new Knight of the Garter—dubbed and decorated only last Friday—arrived in the House, quietly, as Question-time went on. At least, his entry started quietly, but, by the time he had reached his seat on the Treasury Bench, Tory Members were cheering their heads off and waving Order-papers. Sir WINSTON bowed his acknowledgments and nodded affably across the table to Mr. ATTLEE, whose return after an operation had just previously been signalized in the usual cordial manner.

The formal address “the Right Honourable Gentleman” had, according to the rules, to be used by all. But Mr. HUGHES, as a Left Winger, is accustomed to overcoming procedural obstacles, and he did so with some ingenuity. With that mock-serious air he affects so well, Mr. HUGHES asked for an assurance that the Prime Minister “was not on the slippery slope to Another Place . . .”

Then, as a sort of afterthought, he inquired whether the new K.G. intended to call himself “Sir Winston I” or “Sir Winston II.” The

Prime Minister replied that he hoped the term “Another Place” was to be taken only in the usual Parliamentary sense but (so far as could be heard in the general joyous din) was non-committal about his departure thence or his titular numeral.



But then Mrs. BESSIE BRADDOCK, stern expression on face, a copy of the *Sunday Express* in hand arose and addressed Mr. Speaker. It appeared that the new Member for North Down, Mrs. PATRICIA FORD, had written an article in the *Sunday Express*, in which she said, among other things, that Mrs. BRADDOCK and Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL

had, at an all-night sitting, been found lying on beds in a private rest-room in the House and . . . (Mrs. BRADDOCK's voice quivered, seemingly with suppressed rage) *snoring!* What could she do, what could the full majesty and might of the SPEAKER do, to bring retribution to those who so perverted facts?

Mrs. FORD rose from the Tory benches and offered wholehearted apologies if she had offended in any way. She added that it was “sometimes difficult to see in the dark”—a remark perhaps a little surprising, in view of the somewhat feline nature of the matter which had preceded it.

It was generally felt that Mr. TOM DRIBERG made a more valid point when he reminded the House of the age-old tradition that nobody ever talked or wrote about things that happened in the private portions of the Palace of Westminster.

Then the House returned to those interminable exchanges between Mr. JIM CALLAGHAN and Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD—over the equally interminable Transport Bill—which have earned the proceedings the title of “Callaghan and Alan.”

Mr. CROOKSHANK, as Leader of the House, moved a guillotine which limited the debate to a further four hours, and the discussion of the time-table itself to two hours. A series of highly ingenious points of order, from which it appeared that



the British Constitution was in mortal peril and that the efforts of Hampden and others had all been in vain, ended abruptly when Mr. Speaker pointed out that they were eating into the permitted two hours. Mr. MORRISON found time to mention that the Government's action was "Hitlerite" and would provide a model of repression for future Socialist Governments, and ground for reprisals before that.

But guillotines wait for no man, and down came the blade, once at six o'clock, again at ten-thirty. The second stroke ended (at long, long last) the debate on the Transport Bill. CALLAGHAN and ALAN exchanged triumphant glares.

Tuesday, April 28

At the end of Questions, Mrs. FORD rose again and expressed her "most humble apologies" for her journalistic "in-discretion." But she added that she had not "actually written" the article, although she had approved the final draft.

Mrs. BRADDOCK and Dr. SUMMERSKILL at once accepted Mrs. FORD's apology, but the case of the *Sunday Express* was referred to the Committee of Privileges for investigation and report.

The main business—unopposed—was a Bill to increase maternity benefits under the National Insurance scheme.

Wednesday, April 29

SIR WINSTON can usually be relied upon to produce a surprise, and to-day's was a forthright and vigorous defence of General Rommel. He was asked whether Dr. Speidel, who was

Rommel's chief-of-staff in war-time, was to have facilities for seeing Britain's defence secrets as a representative of the European Defence Community, and replied "Yes." He was asked whether he considered this a wise thing, and, his eyes blazing, he leapt up again.

He said Rommel had given his life in an attempt to resist Hitler, a fact which was an additional tribute to his memory. And it did no service to peace to keep alive hatreds (a crash of cheers) and any cheap popularity a Member gained by doing so was a shame upon him.



Mr. ATTLEE and Mr. SHINWELL joined in the fray—the latter speaking of the Prime Minister's "verbiage" and receiving a hearty verbal back-hander in reply—but Sir WINSTON was not to be moved.

The Colonial Secretary announced that he intended to go soon to Kenya, to see if anything could be done to end the trouble there.

The evening was spent in the

ancient process of "moving Mr. Speaker out of the Chair" and a learned discussion on the economic and industrial situation took place.

The Prime Minister managed to squeeze in a neat "trailer" for his coming speech on foreign affairs, saying that he hoped to say something then about recent peace moves from Washington and Moscow.

Thursday, April 30

The Prime Minister was asked whether he was consulted before the U.S. Government offered bribes of dollars for all Red airmen who were willing to steer their Russian MIG jet-fighters to the United Nations lines in Korea, and land them whole. He said consultation was not necessary and that he had yet to learn that there was anything wrong in trying to bribe one's enemy.

Asked—by a Labour Member—what would happen if the Russians or Chinese tried to get R.A.F. planes by the same method, Sir WINSTON replied briskly that we, as a nation, had many troubles but that fear of R.A.F. desertions in such circumstances was not among them.

Friday, May 1

Members discussed, sometimes with passion, the alleged operation of the Colour Bar and everybody made it plain that they were against the whole principle. Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY insisted that it should be abolished in the Colonies, apparently somewhat on the lines of the suggested Bill to make poverty illegal.

GUY EDEN





BOOKING OFFICE

With a Song in His Heart

Call Back Yesterday. Hugh Dalton.
Frederick Muller, 21/-

POLITICIANS out of office tend nowadays to turn to literature, or at any rate to writing, as a secondary occupation. It would be idle to pretend that their productions add greatly—to use Johnson's charming phrase about Garrick—to the public stock of harmless pleasure, but they are by no means without interest. The prudence which the politician develops over the years with the spoken word (taking the form, commonly, of a faculty for saying nothing without seeming more than usually incoherent) often deserts him when he takes up a pen. He is liable, in fact, to betray himself when he writes in a way that he rarely, if ever, does when he speaks. Books by, and on, contemporary political notabilities are worth collecting, if one happens to have the taste for them. Like old menus and programmes, they convey the flavour of the trivial, the diurnal, past.

In such a genre Mr. Hugh Dalton's *Call Back Yesterday* is a collector's piece. It is the first of three volumes, and takes us up to the collapse of the second Labour Government and the formation of Ramsay MacDonald's National Government in 1931. Mr. Dalton belongs to a category of Labour Party supporter now becoming extinct—what may be described as the booming or parsonical Socialist. Among his earlier recollections of rebelliousness when he was at Eton was the sensation he created "by going round as Headmaster's Praepostor, whose duty it was to summon boys to the presence, in pumps." "My pumps," he goes on, "were an anti-Pop gesture, a symbol of

rebellion and irreverence. Gladwyn Jebb . . . said, when I related this incident to him, that it was like the beginning of the Class War in Ancient Rome. I was leading the Plebs against the Patricians . . ."

This was class war de luxe, and without tears. It was too good to last, but it has washed Mr. Dalton into Parliament, into the Government, into the Cabinet, and at last into No. 11 Downing Street. Generically, the type derives from the unconventional, I-take-my-pint-of-beer, no-dog-collar-for-me, clergyman. It is Woodbine Willie of the



barricades, the Pearlie King of the Common Room. As the ideological traveller ventures with trepidation into the hazards and uncertainties of social revolution, he hears the reassuring and amiable boom of Mr. Dalton's voice. Why, it might be the rector dropping in unexpectedly—"Don't get up, please. Yes, I'd love a cup of tea, but do let me have it in the kitchen. Nothing I like better." And, afterwards—"I always find I get on best with the simple village folk."

Thus, in the Labour Party, Mr. Dalton's favourite was Arthur Henderson, whom, rather tediously, he calls "Uncle" throughout. There never breathed a better, worthier soul than J. R. Clynes, he indicates. Unlettered virtue is what he likes. Illiterate speech is eagerly, lovingly, but scarcely accurately, recorded—for instance, this, purportedly addressed by J. H. Thomas to Mr. Dalton: "You bain't so bloody hinnocent! Hi think you're bloody hartful." So, as a matter of fact, do hi.

At Cambridge Mr. Dalton made friends with Rupert Brooke, with whom he corresponded up to the time of his death. Brooke succeeded Mr. Dalton as President of the Cambridge Fabians, and projected, Mr. Dalton tells us, "an epic poem on wealth and poverty, culminating in a triumphant Social Revolution." Brooke "found the theme intractable," but someone should try his hand at it in his manner:

Εἴθε γενοίμην . . . would I were
In Westminster, in Westminster!

Otherwise, Mr. Dalton writes, "there is no Socialism in his published poems," though the following lines, he tells us, belong to an unpublished poem expressing "hopes for a better world, where all shall have a larger life":

"lest man at the last go down
into the dark
with his best songs unsung."

Of the Labour Party and its rise to power, there is little new information in *Call Back Yesterday*. The events of August, 1931, however, are well recounted. There is also a useful account of foreign policy during the second Labour Government, when Mr. Dalton was Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. It is generally believed that he nearly became Foreign Secretary in the 1945 Labour Government, and he is himself on record as saying that, had this happened, his first act

would have been to spend a convivial evening with Mr. Molotov. How one regrets, in a sense, that it never happened. What delight to see two such strayed revellers making their way home, having, perhaps, exchanged hats.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Those Were The Days

Collected Stories. Osbert Sitwell. Duckworth, Macmillan, 25/-

During the last generation the structure of the short story has grown in importance while its enveloping detail has been slimmed down. Plot is no longer so attenuated nor description so rankly profuse. There is now usually a sequence of events, with suspense and conflict: a master-design relates actions to thought and character, people to history. Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Collected Stories* are a reminder of the previous revolution, the revolution that can misleadingly be labelled as Wells to Katherine Mansfield.

Many of these tales date from times nearer our own but they cling in manner to the older type, one that many of us will remember from opulent-looking magazines turned over during the wet days that sometimes broke in upon a childhood otherwise passed idyllically between the Armistice and the General Strike. The nostalgia that Sir Osbert so richly spreads over his own memories will be equalled by that which many of his readers will enjoy in re-reading these tales.

Some of his plots have a supernatural element, a practical kind of supernaturalism that has something in common with Wells. In some of the stories, plot, in the sense of a closed series of events, has almost withered away. There are characters, settings, a mood, and after these have been displayed before the reader with all the descriptive luxuriance of which Sir Osbert is capable, the story

abruptly ends. He enjoys setting the scene and, by exhuming the device of having a narrator who is told things by another narrator about things told him by somebody else, he provides himself with opportunities for a number of descriptive openings to the same story.

The least successful of his stories are attacks on the more obvious weaknesses of the "contemporary" literary and political world ("contemporary" means the era of *The London Mercury* and Georgian poets and armament profiteers and Horatio Bottomley). Such targets as he selects from later years are those which have traditionally attracted elderly gentlemen in clubs. Sir Osbert has a sense of fun—his comic invention sometimes breaks the too well varnished surface of his prose with exuberant fancies that are fresh and funny—but he shows no satirical sense. One of the tests of satire is that it wears well and another that it stings; but there is always something more amused than indignant, more casually irritated than coldly hating about his references to people of whom he disapproved.

What raises the best of these very varied stories above the merely saleable is the fever of nostalgia for dead and formal pleasures. Concerts at watering-places, exiles sadly remembering court balls at St. Petersburg, tables covered with signed photographs of royalties and Fabergé knick-knacks, well-padded cruises to garish pleasure islands, the gardens and stables of country house childhood—these excite his descriptive rhetoric. Though he sometimes spoils a pen-picture by limp syntax and over-emphatic, under-selective diction, he does execute some very fine evocations of places, people and furnishings. His range is limited but within it he can produce a wonderful musty plushness; in his gardens the flowers are made from the best velvet.

Sir Osbert describes himself in his preface as pouring out journalism in order to pay for extravagance. His output of the conventional should not distract attention from his travel books and his *Autobiography*, which, after the framework of grandmothers and governesses, strawberry beds and visits to great houses has been broken, bursts into a shower of brilliant sketches and one superb portrait, as fine of its kind as anything this century.

His stories are most successful when they derive from the same area of inspiration. Even the more mechanical appeals to sentiment or horror or purgative laughter, even the potboilers are nearly always redeemed by some vivid visualization. They stimulate an appetite for the *Journals* or *Diaries* which he will surely one day add to his *Autobiography*.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Final Solution. Gerald Reitlinger. Vallentine, Mitchell, 30/-

"The Final Solution of the Jewish Problem" was the cover name for Hitler's plan to exterminate the Jews of Europe. How it worked between 1939 and 1945 is here described in the fullest detail by Mr. Gerald Reitlinger, the artist, archaeologist, and traveller. Inasmuch as it is possible to bring a detached and sardonic manner to such a horrible subject, Mr. Reitlinger does so. He is therefore peculiarly successful in displaying the illogicality, incompetence and futility shown by Germans as much as their fiendish cruelty; for example, their blocking the passage of troop trains by trucks loaded with Jews on their way to the gas-chambers.

There are many interesting sidelights on international affairs. We are shown Sweden and Switzerland withholding information regarding Jewish mass extermination through neutral timidity; relatively humane behaviour from Italy and Spain; the important part played in averting



massacres by Red Cross representatives, who (although tolerated by the Nazis) were expelled from Hungary by the Soviet authorities. In Russian hands also, Wallenberg, the Swedish organizer of assistance to the Hungarian Jews, mysteriously died.

A. P.

The Quest of Alain-Fournier. Robert Gibson. *Hamish Hamilton*, 21/-

Those who consider that as a whole *Le Grand Meaulnes* has been over-praised, that its imaginative study of boys growing up in a small village is much finer than its later romanticism, will be the less surprised by the strange character which emerges from this biography. On the one hand Alain-Fournier was a robust countryman, impatient of *avant-garde* society, on the other a tortured idealist, living a sad dream of mysterious and lily-pure women.

The novel is very close to his life, for having exchanged a few words with a girl and lost touch with her immediately, he became obsessed by her image until nine years later he was killed in the First War. In spite of the firmness and detachment of his best writing he seems to have remained an adolescent. The irony needed to focus such an outlook is missing from Mr. Gibson's book, which is immensely painstaking but unrelievedly solemn.

E. O. D. K.

Casino Royale. Ian Fleming. *Cape*, 10/6

It was a good idea to write a modern Secret Service thriller with a gambling background. Mr. Fleming's book is set in Royale, a fashionable resort on the North Coast of France, and the atmosphere recalls the works of E. Phillips Oppenheim. The plot is simple, and manages to achieve a fair amount of suspense without the element of surprise. The ethical code is that of Bulldog Drummond, spiced, not altogether convincingly, with scenes of brutality and a strong sexual interest in the style of Raymond Chandler. The result is a well-written English adventure story, wholly unoriginal but more than sufficiently exciting.

F. W.

Look to the Rose. Madeleine Bingham. *Museum Press*, 10/6

Mrs. Bingham demonstrates neatly that it is possible to write on a sentimental theme without slipping into mawkishness. This story of a rich and beautiful girl and the poor relation brought up with her confines itself almost entirely to the matters of love (accepted or rejected) and marriage (achieved or let slip); yet it never descends to the level of slop and at moments rises to the downright stylish.

The pretence that the main part of the story is written by the poor

relation in her diary, just as we read it, will not do at all, of course; women novelists were quite capable of earning a comfortable living in the 'nineties, and Lucy's talent should have secured her a competence; but at least it can be used to explain away a certain formality, sometimes unintentionally Compton-Burnettian, in the dialogue.

B. A. Y.

AT THE PLAY

Airs on a Shoestring
(ROYAL COURT)
The Seagull (ARTS)



NO less than Vedrenne and Granville Barker, Mr. LAURIER LISTER seems to have re-discovered the secret of drawing the West End to Sloane Square. The Royal Court, now once more a public theatre, is exactly the size for intimate revue, and *Airs on a Shoestring* has enough bite and charm to fill it for a long time. This combined operation is unequal in material, and, some may grumble, short of sketches; but better few than bad, and against this deficiency can be counted a lively team spirit infusing swift, intelligent sallies which avoid that pitfall of revue, the incomprehensible gossip of the stage-doors of Shaftesbury Avenue. Good tunes, attractive decorations and a commendably slick production add up handsomely. When the plums arrive they are ripe, and though no side-splitting comedian appears, several engaging talents possess the kind of satire to send us home contented.

Of these Miss MOYRA FRASER'S

sweep is the widest. Resembling a mocking Bacchante, she makes extraordinary use of large arch eyes in which her private amusement spills over, lightening a long grave face. I suppose you would say she was school of Grenfell, but to me she seems too original to be pigeon-holed. There is inspired lunacy in her portrait of an eccentric daughter of Chelsea. Without the sharp crackle of Mr. MAX ADRIAN'S wit, however (Gingold comes slightly to mind), the show would lose a great deal of its drive; he is always confidently in the right place, and his conducting of a notable rag of Benjamin Britten is splendid. The funniest sketch, of two critical flies in a fishmonger's shop, he shares with Miss FRASER. Apart from him the cast is stronger on the distaff side, Miss BETTY MARSDEN and Miss SALLY ROGERS scoring repeatedly.

It is always a comfort to know that the Moscow Arts Theatre's misunderstanding of his plays drove Chekhov to desperation. Mechanism that looks so simple, and is really so delicate and complicated, must tax any producer. *The Seagull* served up to us is seldom the whole bird, but although Mr. JOHN FERNALD'S limps decidedly in places it conveys the feeling of Chekhov and is distinguished by two performances which light up mysterious corners of experience—Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER'S beautiful old *Peter*, nodding regretfully over a mis-spent life of duty, and Mr. MICHAEL GWYNN'S *Konstantin*, whose early brashness turns subtly by the end of the play to bitter maturity. The new version, by



MISS MOYRA FRASER

MR. MAX ADRIAN

Mr. J. P. DAVIS, has colloquial advantages but I think I am still loyal to Mrs. Garnett.

Recommended

Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea* (Duchess) and Graham Greene's *The Living Room* (Wyndham's) head the serious plays, and *Dial "M" for Murder* (Westminster) tops the criminal proceedings.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Niagara—*The Desert Rats*

ELEMENTAL passions, a gigantic natural spectacle, pursuit, suspense, murder, a conducted tour of the city of Niagara Falls, Technicolor—no, all this wasn't enough, they had to include MARILYN MONROE as well, even though the result is conservatively called *Niagara* (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY). It's hard to take the thing seriously at all, and yet there is plenty of incidental good in it. One of this director's strong points is the use of reality, the preference for the location background rather than the studio reconstruction (one remembers *Kiss of Death*), and he has a field day here: every main incident of the story is set in some show-place of the district known to innumerable tourists, and the Falls themselves, of course, supply the climax. The erring wife played by Miss MONROE is strangled in the Carillon Tower, and the murderer goes over the Falls in a boat from which he has nobly allowed one of the sympathetic characters to leap on to a handy rock, whence she is rescued by helicopter.

But before all this action there is a certain amount of Psychology. The murderous husband was driven to it by his wife's behaviour. Certainly the examples of this that we see, which include a walk with what can only be described as a brandishing of the hips, are calculated to send over the edge (literally and metaphorically) a far more placid husband than the neurotic ex-soldier who was rash enough to marry her when she was the "most popular waitress in the place" somewhere in Duluth. JOSEPH COTTEN's performance as this nerve-racked unfortunate is worthy of a better setting. Visually too, the piece is often incongruously good: apart from the obvious travelogue pictures, there are a surprising number of shots that are genuinely good to look at because of their composition and design.

Considered as a whole the thing is sensational nonsense, but at the lowest level it's an efficient time-waster, and at moments something more.



Rose Loomis—MARILYN MONROE
George Loomis—JOSEPH COTTEN

Polly Cutler—JEAN PETERS

Stern argument proceeds about the way *The Desert Rats* (Director: ROBERT WISE) treats the facts of the siege of Tobruk—not least about the comparative triviality that the appellation "Desert Rats," which did not really emerge till afterwards, is here used as a sort of rallying-cry on the spot, for melodramatic or attitudinizing reasons. In the noise of the climactic charge a voice may be heard yelling "You Desert Rats, let's go!"—which both in tone and verbally may be said to sum up the impression of the picture. Though all the principals are English or Australian, there is somehow a Hollywood tinge about the whole affair. The story reflects that invariable Hollywood preoccupation with the way the strict carrying out of orders conflicts with natural humanity and the fact that even so, extraordinary as it may seem, they have to be obeyed. Thus the central character is again the martinet officer who is hated by his men until, just in time, they see the point.

RICHARD BURTON does well as this familiar figure, ROBERT NEWTON has the conventionally picturesque part of a cowardly drunk, JAMES MASON repeats his portrait of Rommel, and the action scenes are effectively done; but there's nothing about the picture to make it stick in the mind of anyone with no strong feelings about the facts.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Main recommendations among the London shows are still *Les Belles de Nuit* (8/4/53) and *Le Plaisir* (18/2/53). Many people would put *Diary of a Country Priest* much higher: austere and more limited in appeal, it is certainly unforgettable and impressively well done. The new Hitchcock, *I Confess* (29/4/53), is a good suspense melodrama but nothing special.

Top release is *The Final Test* (22/4/53): the old jokes about cricket and culture, entertainingly done. *The War of the Worlds* (15/4/53), though not Wells, is good "science fiction."

RICHARD MALLETT

PUNCH EXHIBITION IN U.S.

THE Exhibition of original drawings from *Punch* which has lately been on view in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago will be at the CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH, from May 14 to June 14 (except May 30).

The times of opening are:

Monday, Wednesday to Saturday
10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Tuesday, May 19 and 26

10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Tuesday, June 2 and 9

10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Sunday—2 P.M. to 5 P.M.



AT THE GALLERY

Skeleton School

LATELY, sculpture has been losing weight at a surprising rate. It has, in fact, done more than lose weight. A number of sculptors are busy disposing of the body altogether. They allow only a minimum of framework or scaffolding. There remains a diagram in three dimensions.

This is the more surprising when one thinks of the plastically well-nourished days of the 1920s. It was modern then to be massive. The ideal was a hefty female. If, in modelling or carving her, the sculptor erred at times on the heavy and substantial

side, he achieved now and then a certain grandeur that linked his work with the mighty products of the past.

The change at first was gradual. One would notice a starveling and emaciated figure among the brawny nymphs of the art galleries. Here and there, a more venturesome artist would give up humanity and take to spidery constructions of metal—like the "mobiles" of Mr. Alexander Calder that caused such a stir in the 1930s. Yet it is only since the war that the change has become notable enough to be regarded as a "new movement"—for which a name now seems to be required.

One might suggest "Skeletonism" as the appropriate name. And what, perhaps you will ask, are the reasons for Skeletonism? It appears to derive, partly, from the "abstract-mindedness" so prevalent nowadays, an aversion from representing the human form. No doubt it is also due, to some extent, to the scarcity or expense of material. It is more economical to make a hollow man than a solid one, to twist a piece of wire instead of carving a block of stone.

In this sense "Skeletonism" is highly contemporary—a new use of materials, a new mobility of effort, the intelligent handling of a shortage and so on. Yet doubts already provoked by the Unknown Political Prisoner are not allayed by more skeletal works in the current exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, "Twentieth Century Form." With twentieth century nonchalance Mr. F. E. McWilliam leaves us to fill in the absent torso of his outline "Matriarch" for ourselves. Mr. Reg Butler makes no more than a metallic phantom of his iron "Woman Resting."

Such works, diverting in their somewhat nightmarish fashion, seem closer to the craft of making fire-irons

From Punch, May 7, 1853

THE ELECTRIC PARLIAMENT.

AN Electric Telegraph is now laid down from the House of Commons to the principal railway stations, and the echo of a legislator's wisdom has hardly died upon Mr. BARRY's rafters, when the wisdom itself is crying aloud in the news-rooms of York and Edinburgh. FINE-EAR himself is beaten dead by a score of telegraph clerks scattered over the kingdom. It is also announced not only that wires are being arranged all over that vast labyrinth of the New Palace at Westminster, so as to summon the Members, in whichever of its thousand cells they may be hidden, when wanted for divisions, but that lines are being laid down from the House to the Carlton, Reform, and other Clubs, so that men may dine in peace, and yet save their country. Is not the orator's trade made easy—"as easy (as Hamlet says) as"—we really forget the simile.

But why not carry out the plan a little further? Instead of merely sending electric messages to the Members at the Clubs, why not make the Members send their speeches down to the House by the same medium? The Speaker and a couple of clerks might then do all the work at Westminster. And how oratory would gain by the abbreviation which would ensue on a Member's finding he had to pay for every word he sent down. How prating and platitude would be checked when a cheque was necessary for their utterance. How patriot-eeloquence would be boiled down into terseness, as a whole basket of spinach is boiled into a little dishful. How men who now find it quite impossible to hold their tongues, would find it very possible indeed, as the clerk in the Club-hall counted out their words. How—but let us try and realize so blessed a reform.

and railings than the creation of solid form that has hitherto occupied the sculptors of every age. Is it not time that sculpture began to put on flesh again?—WILLIAM GAUNT

CORRESPONDENCE

THE HON. A. A. D'ARCY

To the Editor of Punch

MY DEAR OLD EDITAH,—I weally must pwotest, bai Jove, at your dweadful insinuations that I was evah associated with those fearful Gwey-fwiars people.

Tom Mewwy and the othah deah chappies were all set on comin' up to give you a dweadful thwashin'.

But I persuaded them to let me wite to you personally. Between gentlemen, fisticuffs are weally not the thing, don't-cher-know, but you will agree you are a fwabjous ass.

I twust you will publish instantly a denial and apology so that I can forget the whole beastlah incident. Pwobably that dear fellah Lord Mauly can put you back on to the stwaight and nawwow.

Yours evah,

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY, Hon. St. Jim's.

Mr. Punch regrets this error, to which his attention has been drawn by many readers. He was unfortunately misled by a rumour to the effect that, to facilitate the process of forming a Comprehensive School, Greyfriars and St. Jim's had amalgamated.



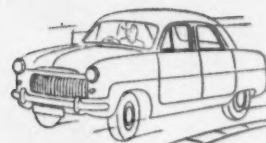
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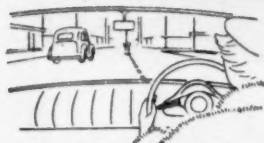
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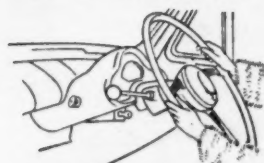
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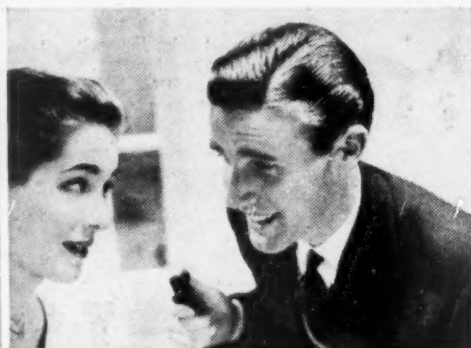
2/5d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/3d.

The words "ENO," "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

Scruffy, Untidy Hair means DRY SCALP

IS YOUR HAIR untidy, hard to comb, flecked with dandruff, scruffy? Then there's something wrong. No, it's not just "one of those things"—ten to one you've got *Dry Scalp*.

It's easy to end *Dry Scalp*—inexpensive, too. Just massage a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic into the scalp daily for 20 seconds. What a difference! Scalp soon feels healthy, hair stays neatly in place all day. Start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today—you'll be glad you did. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic comes in two economical sizes that last you for ages. Prices: 2/6 and 3/9.



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.



What a difference it makes when you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! You've ended *Dry Scalp*—your scalp feels better, hair looks better and stays well-groomed all day.



Hair that's unruly, and scruffy, won't stay put, dandruff in the parting, on the collar. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the answer!

welcome your guests WITH FULL Musical Honours

Install a "WESTMINSTER" 8 Note Electric Door Chime, and greet your guests with the same pleasing melodious chimes which ring out from the Abbey during the Coronation. Beautifully made with polished wood front and burnished tubes, it will add dignity to your home. One touch on the front door push button, and this chime plays through automatically the full eight notes of the Westminster Chimes. The perfect gift for your friends—or yourself—to carry this year's splendour long into the future.



From good electrical shops and stores.
Price £8-8-0 plus tax



Write for illustrated leaflet
V & E FRIEDLAND LTD., (P), Macclesfield · Cheshire

A SHORT CUT to Lovelier Lawns!

Instead of back-breaking "push-and-pull" hand-mowing, just follow your Royal Enfield at a comfortable walking pace and see your lawns looking better than ever before. The area of a tennis court—300 sq. yds.—takes only 38 mins. to mow with a Royal Enfield 14" model. Send today for illustrated folder



14" Model #27-14-0 Inc. P.T.
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Royal Enfield

THE ENFIELD MOTOR MOWER CO.
REDDITCH



But for advertising gifts—

There is no finer quality, better value, or wider selection than can be found in the

Reedok

RANGE

Ask for illustrated catalogue and price list P.3
RICHARD HOCHFELD (LONDON) LTD.
28 Archway Road, London, N.19

1758-6

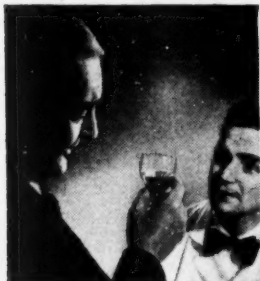
Nauntton Wayne discovers the smoother gin!



I asked the barman for
a gin and tonic...



This gin's rather special.
It's smoother—mellower.



What did you say this
gin's called—Curtis?



Yes, Curtis. It is smoother
because it's matured in cask



Thanks for the tip—
and have one with me.

Curtis Gin

CASK MATURING MAKES CURTIS SMOOTHER
Curtis is matured in cask. There it
becomes more gracious... more mel-
low... in fact "smoother". So ask for
Curtis Gin—you'll like it better.



Real "French"
comes in the
Large bottle

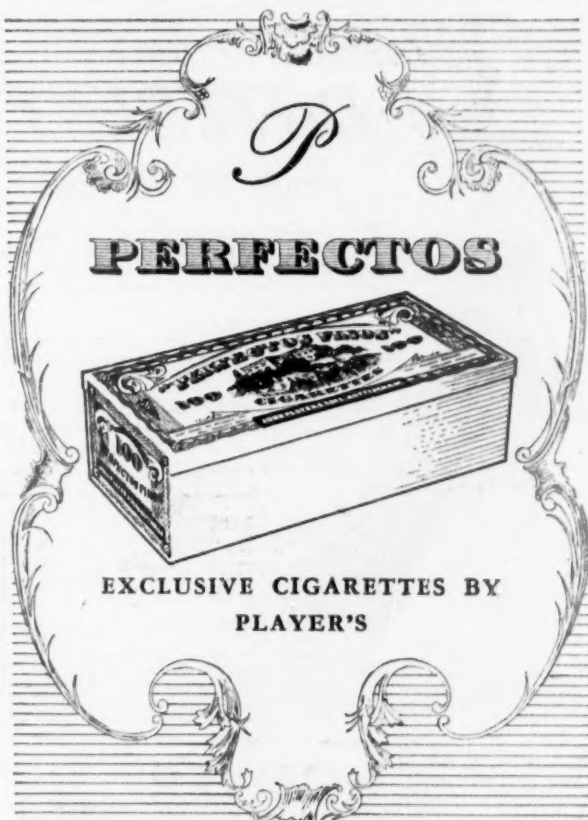
"NOILLY PRAT" is still made
only in France from French
grapes by French blenders in
the traditional French way,
still matured for years in the
wood, and bottled in the large
bottle. The dry vermouth
that blends so well with gin,
that is robust enough to make
a most subtle aperitif on its
own, or with just a sliver of
lemon peel, squeezed and
dropped into it. In Summer,
soda and ice may be added.
So remember:

SAY 'Noilly Prat' AND
YOUR FRENCH WILL BE PERFECT

NOILLY PRAT

BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN THE LARGE BOTTLE IN FRANCE

SOLE IMPORTERS: WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3



F.R.26 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



See that your writing paper
bears the watermark:

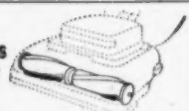
SPICERS



THE "Hoover" is the only cleaner that beats... as it sweeps... as it cleans. It is by this gentle beating action that it removes the damaging, trodden-in grit from your carpets, and so protects them and makes them last longer. It is also equipped with easy-to-use cleaning tools which keep the whole house clean from top to bottom. Ask your Hoover Dealer to demonstrate.

If you already have an electric cleaner and it has perhaps seen its best days, replace it now with one of the latest Hoover models — and see the difference.

WHY THE
"HOOVER" IS
DIFFERENT



The "Hoover" incorporates an exclusive feature, the Agitator, which gently beats the carpet on a cushion of air and so extracts the trodden-in grit. At the same time it brushes the pile erect and removes all dirt by powerful suction.

H.P. TERMS
READILY AVAILABLE

Ask your Hoover Dealer to show you the superb range of latest models. There's one exactly right for your home and your pocket.

You'll be so much happier with a Hoover

The **HOOVER**
REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER

2 BEATS... as it sweeps... as it cleans

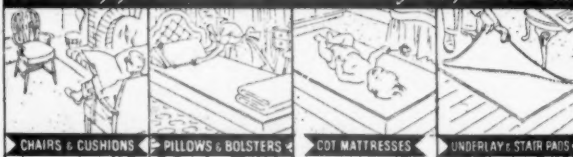


You're missing
one of the best things
in life until you sleep
on a Dunlopillo
mattress!"

"Buy Dunlopillo, madam, and you'll know comfort that's never yet been equalled. Just feel its resilience. Look! It gives *only where you press*. That means that however you lie you'll be correctly supported so that your rest will be more relaxed and more refreshing. As for Dunlopillo's economy... well, customers who bought the first Dunlopillo mattresses over 20 years ago tell me they've yet to notice the slightest loss of comfort. Another big point is that it *never* has to be turned."

DUNLOPILLO
MATTRESSES

You can enjoy DUNLOPILLO Comfort throughout your home in



Call at your furnisners, feel the wonderful DUNLOPILLO comfort, admire the new exclusive coverings, or write for leaflet to-day to:—

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Every day is a
sunny day when
Merriecolour decks
your casements

Grafton
"MERRIECOLOUR"

"MERRIECOLOUR" is such a practical fabric.
All cotton, reversible, 48" wide, guaranteed
fadeless and fully warp shrunk. A choice of de-
lightful designs is now in your furnishing store.
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DO YOU KNOW THESE IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT WATCH QUALITY?

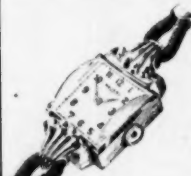


Specially shaped ruby bearings
keep oil in place

Curved inner
surface reduces
friction

THE ROTARY BALANCE
ASSEMBLY

The most vital part of any watch is the balance. All Rotary movements—masterpieces of delicate craftsmanship—have at least 15 jewels for smooth, accurate running of the moving parts.



Rotary watches are outstanding in looks as well as performance. Here is a smart cocktail watch with a big appeal for all women of fashion. In solid gold at £15.4.0d.

ORDINARY BUTTON



THE ROTARY DUSTPROOF
WINDING BUTTON



With ordinary watch winders, dust and dirt can easily enter the case. But they're sealed out of Rotary watches by a spring-loaded washer attached to the winder. Another instance of Rotary's unsparing attention to detail!



Finest quality ruby jewels
at all the working surfaces

THE ROTARY
JEWELLED LEVER ESCAPEMENT

Among other faults of inferior watches are cheap escapements. They need frequent and costly repair. Make sure you get a Rotary, and you'll get jewelled lever escapements that give years of good service.

ROTARY
WATCHES

Accuracy and distinction
at a reasonable price

In watches it's detail that is all-important. This is the fact on which Rotary watches have built their unsurpassed reputation for quality and craftsmanship. Your own good taste and judgment will specify Rotary—and your jeweller's experience will confirm your choice.

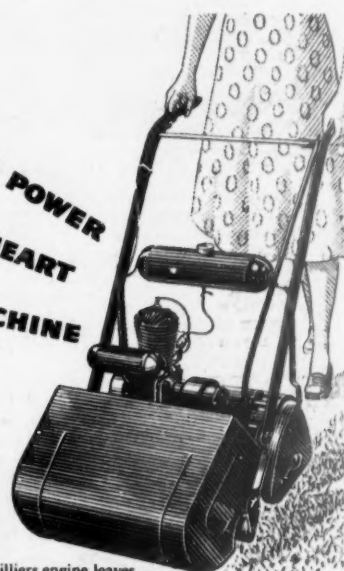


There is a superb range of Rotary watches for men. Illustrated is the famous Wafer Thin model—so slim it becomes a part of your wrist. It's fine value in gold at £17.13.0d.

Ask your jeweller for **ROTARY**—by name

Villiers... THE POWER
AND THE HEART
OF A FINE MACHINE

Until they've certified it flawless, our metallurgists won't let an ounce of raw material out of bond. Until they've tested some to destruction, our supervisors won't pass any components. Until they've tried—usually without success—to drive at least one beyond endurance, our inspectors won't release a batch of engines. In short, no Villiers engine leaves the factory until it has proved itself true to its lion-hearted pedigree.




Villiers **ENGINES**
drive

BARROWS, CULTIVATORS, LAWN MOWERS, MOTOR SCYTHES, CONCRETE MIXERS
CROP SPRAYERS, HEDGE CUTTERS, LIGHTING PLANTS, PUMPS, TRUCKS, SAWS
THE VILLIERS ENGINEERING CO. LTD, WOLVERHAMPTON

Fill up your favourite briar with deliberation, light up with care and then settle down to that long, slow, cool smoke which calms a troubled world, to a full flavour and a rich aroma which are the answer to all your problems... The secret is that combination of choicest Virginian with a large proportion of rarest Yenidje (Turkish) leaf known to the discriminating pipe smoker as

Balkan Sobranie Smoking Mixture




Now that the Drachma has been devalued to about half price we are flying to Athens this Summer. Our Travel Agent is booking us on the new Viscount service of Air France at the Tourist fare.

AIR FRANCE
HAYMARKET, S.W.1

Charbonnel et Walker

The name that stands for the world's finest Chocolates



The famous boîte blanche, illustrated above, with its rich ribbon bow and gilt tongs, is supplied in varying sizes from 10/- . Every Charbonnel chocolate has a number underneath so that customers can register their preferences. Full selection of chocolates (11b) 10/- post free, or ask for illustrated catalogue to Dept. P.

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THERE ARE SIGNS OF MORE



STEEL

Meantime, our service is second to none and a promise of delivery made is a promise kept.

ON THE WAY

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STEEL STOCKHOLDERS

ALBION, WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS. 'PHONE: WEST BROMWICH 0561

**NO ORCHARDS
FOR MISS APHIS...**



There are no flies on the British farmer when it comes to Tufnol. Whether he is waging chemical warfare on arboreal pests or confronted with the very real problems of mechanised agriculture, he finds that Tufnol stands up to the searching tests of chemical corrosion, atmospheric exposure, and grinding wear.

This, our oldest industry, is among the latest recruits to the ranks of Tufnol users who find in its unique qualities of electrical insulation, its resistance to chemical action, its sheer, tensile, and compressive strengths, a lightweight material which combines the virtues of metal and hardwood, whilst avoiding their many disadvantages.

Tufnol is supplied in sheets, rods, tubes, bars, angles and channels, or in specially moulded shapes. It can be quickly, easily and accurately machined in your own workshops.



Photograph shows a "Noblox" Spray Gun fitted with a Tufnol barrel. (Used for spraying fruit trees.) Tufnol is unaffected by insecticide fluids and it is light and easy to handle.

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM THAT TUFNOL CAN SOLVE?

Its solution may lie in the extensive data already collected in various Tufnol publications — or it may be an entirely NEW proposition, a challenge which our Technical Staff will accept with enthusiasm, and on which they will report helpfully and objectively. Why not write us TODAY?



TUFNOL

TUFNOL LTD · PERRY BARR · BIRMINGHAM · 22B

246P



I love

APRY

the liqueur of
the Apricot

MARIE BRIZARD



NO artificial foods
for my children—I want
FRESH FRUIT jam!



Then you want
**Crosbie's
FRESH FRUIT JAM**

Always look for Fresh Fruit
Standard on the jar which means
—made from Fresh Fruit and
sugar without colouring matter
or added preservative

So much better
for the children!

Made by the makers of
**"NELL GWYN"
MARMALADE**



If unable to obtain, write to
CROSBIES PURE FOOD COMPANY
SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX, or FRUIT FARMS, BRADBURY, LINCOLN

P.Vencatachellum's

GENUINE MADRAS
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DAMAGE?"

"Oh no, sir,
we had an **ALLWAYS**"

The danger of fire is always present, that is why it is essential to have handy an efficient fire extinguisher. Lessen fire risks — instal an "ALLWAYS", the extinguisher that gives a quick and continuous response — always.

Ask your stockist
This extinguisher
complies with
the Fire Offices
Committee
specifications

ALLWAYS
FIRE
EXTINGUISHER

EDWIN SHOWELL & SON LIMITED, DEPT. H,
NINE ELMS BRASSPOUNDRY, BIRMINGHAM 30

BRITISH SEAGULL

"The best Outboard Motor in the World"



THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., POOLE, DORSET.

Telephone: POOLE 818



... that's **Bob Martin**
condition!

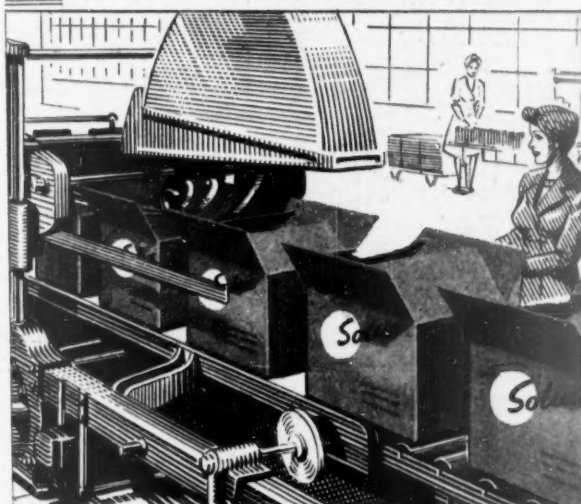


For sparkling eyes, a lovelier coat, a healthy dog brimming with fun and friskiness, give him Bob Martin's!

Bob Martin's are enriched with vitamins A and B and D to keep your dog in tip-top condition. He'll love the tasty flavour of concentrated liver—a valuable store of vitamins and mineral elements.

Give your dog Bob Martin's today. He'll sit up and beg for more! From chemists and pet shops, 10d. and 2/-.

Packed right in "Fiberite"!



If goods are worth making and worth advertising, they are worthy of good packing! Manufacturers whose trade-marks are household words realise this and pack their products in "FIBERITE" cases. Thus they increase their prestige, but packing costs stay low. Yes, it pays to let the "FIBERITE" trade-mark give your goods the hall-mark of good packing.

Trade **"FIBERITE"** Mark
PACKING CASES

THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD.
PURFLEET · ESSEX

Manufacturers of
"THAMES BOARD" for cartons and other uses;
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases; "ESSEX" Wallboard

RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

is a generously endowed mixture in which many exacting smokers find lasting satisfaction. Into its composition go not only choice Virginian and rare Oriental tobaccos but the knowledge, the skill, the devoted craftsmanship of a more leisurely and discriminating age. Rattray's 7 Reserve fully vindicates its maker's philosophy. It burns benignly—releasing, as it were with due decorum, the infinitely subtle offerings of the tobacco blender's art.

From Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"I would like to congratulate you on the 'style' of your methods of doing business—very refreshing in these days of 'take it or leave it'."

To be obtained
ONLY from:

**CHARLES
RATTRAY**
Tobacco Blender
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 90/- per lb. Post Paid. Send 20/- for sample quarter-lb. tin.



Vent-Axia for Better Air Conditions



IN INDUSTRY
IN COMMERCE
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IN THE HOME

Simplest
form of controlled
ventilation



VENT-AXIA LTD. 9 VICTORIA ST. S.W.1.
ARREY 8441 (7 lines) AND AT GLASGOW,
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GLAZEMASTER GLASS DRILL



Ideal for
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tles for mak-
ing table lamps. Using
a hand drill the "Glaze-
master" cuts a clean
round hole in 5 to 10
minutes. Also drills

mirrors, windows, plate glass shelves,
vitrolite etc. Sizes 1/8" to 1".
Obtainable from all good ironmongers.
Send for particulars of these remarkable
drills and also Masonmaster Brick Drills to Dept T.
JOHN M. PERKINS & SMITH LTD.
LONDON ROAD, BRAUNSTON, NR. RUGBY

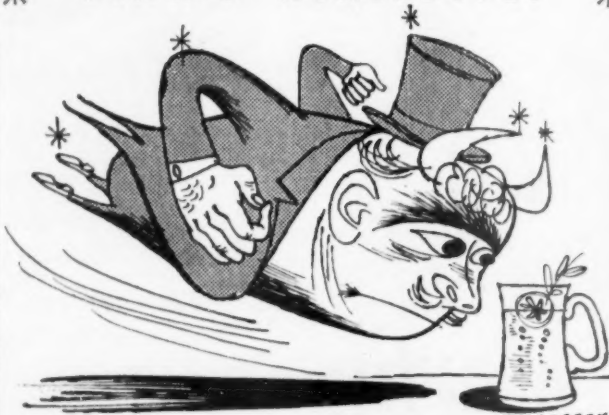
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AT THE FOURTH
FLOOR AND SEE
OUR NEW
ACCOUNTS DEPT.
ALL THE
PARTITIONS
& FURNITURE
ARE STEEL BY

Sankey-Sheldon
OF COURSE "



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* PIMM'S HOROSCOPES *



TAURUS

APRIL 21 - MAY 21 Taurus people go bull-headed for what they want, unless it's in a china shop, and whoever heard of Pimm's in a china shop? Rain will fall, but the stars do not say where. Avoid giant squids, garden fêtes and Pimm's without ice.* Attempts to discover the secret recipe of Pimm's will fail.

* There are people who don't know that Pimm's must be iced. Top up with fizzy lemonade, and finish with a slice of lemon, and a bit of cucumber or sprig of borage.



PIMM'S No.1 THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



Worried by INDIGESTION? *I've found the answer!*

"I had just the same trouble some years ago... such sharp pains after eating, I never really enjoyed a meal. But I found the answer... 'Milk of Magnesia'; it put me right pretty quick and has kept me right ever since."
'Milk of Magnesia' is a mild laxative as well as an antacid—so it corrects acidity and keeps the system regular too.

'Milk of Magnesia'

*BROD. TRADE MARK

The Answer to Acid Indigestion

HYDRAULICALLY FORMED
by a process unique
in this country



Combining the
properties of:

1. A compression spring capable of repeated flexing
2. A container which can be hermetically sealed
3. A packless gland

for Automatic coolant regulation: Movement for pressure change: Packless gland to seal spindle in high vacua: Reservoir to accept liquid expansion: Dashpot or delay device: Barometric measurement or control: Pressurised couplings where vibration or movement is present: Dust seal to prevent ingress of dirt: Pressure reducing valves: Hydraulic transmission: Distance thermostatic control: Low torque flexible coupling: Pressure sealed rocking movement: Pressurised rotating shaft seals: Aircraft pressurised cabin control: Refrigeration expansion valves: Thermostatic Steam Traps: Pressure amplifiers: Differential pressure measurements: Thermostatic operation of louver or damper.

Write for List No. K800-1

Drayton METAL BELLOWS

FL.12

Drayton Regulator and Instrument Co. Ltd.,
West Drayton, Middlesex.



Pumping difficulties?

This poor man seems really "up against it"—but, not so very long ago, the pumping of certain solids in fluids presented a far more difficult problem.

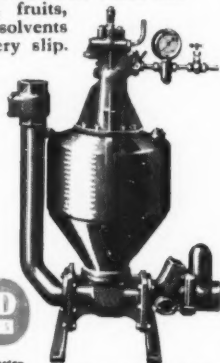
Now things are very different, for the Ejectopump has provided the answer to the successful handling of difficult fluids and suspended solids, including foodstuffs, fruits, chemical sludges, paint, inflammable solvents (no fire risk), latex, abrasives and pottery slip.

COMPRESSED AIR OPERATED
Ejectopump

British
Patent
No.
580792

Easily installed. Easily cleaned. Does not crush or pulp. Satisfied users include:—
Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd. Grant Bros. (Meat Canners) Ltd. Wm. P. Hartley Ltd. Limmner & Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co. Ltd. John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd. Norfolk Canneries Ltd. Rolls Royce Ltd. Twyford Ltd. Write for List 701.

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London Technical Representative and Selling Agent: Conway Arnold, A.M.I.Mech.E., (Dept. A) c/o Heatly & Gresham Ltd., 14 Great Peter Street, London S.W.1. Tel: Abbey 5964

Father takes it easy now!

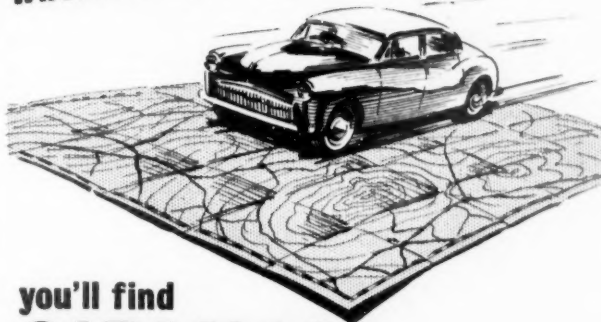
Who is he to interfere—the boy is keen on mechanical things and especially the Rotoscythe—the light and simple power mower which can be used by all the family. With a unique rotary scythe action it slices through any length of grass, all cuttings being vacuum collected. No regrinding. One year guarantee. Prices from £31.



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to put you on the map
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Yes Sir!

BRYLCREEM
YOUR HAIR

for the **CLEAN**
smart look

Brylcreem is different because its pure oils are emulsified to prevent excessive oiliness: because it's not greasy, not messy. Brylcreemgroomsyourhair the healthy way, gives that clean, smart look which goes hand in hand with success. Brylcreem your hair and see the difference. Brylcreem, the perfect hairdressing, comes in tubs 1/6, 2/3 and 4/1, or handy tubes 2/3.



royds 130/6



fill up and feel the difference